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# Daily Mirror

THE  
ORNAMENT  
of the  
MOMENT.  
(See page 16.)

No. 287.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

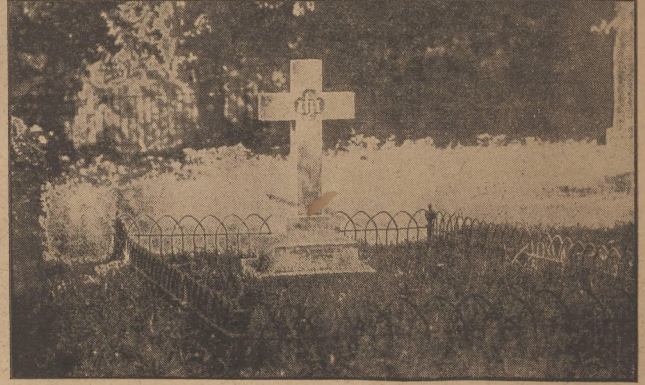
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

WHERE SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT DIED AND WHERE HE WILL BE BURIED.



The ancestral Harcourt seat, at Nuneham, Oxfordshire, where Sir William Harcourt died.



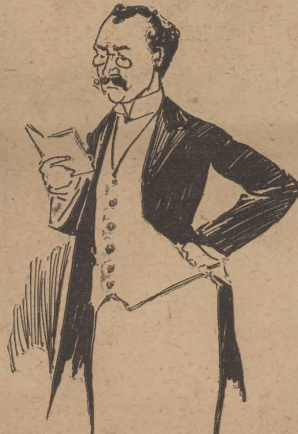
The grave at Nuneham Park, in which the remains of the late statesman will be interred on Thursday.

## THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

## "KEIRO" AT CLERKENWELL.



Right Rev. F. J. Chavasse, D.D., Bishop of Liverpool, who will preside at the Church Congress, which opens at Liverpool to-day.—(Elliott and Fry.)



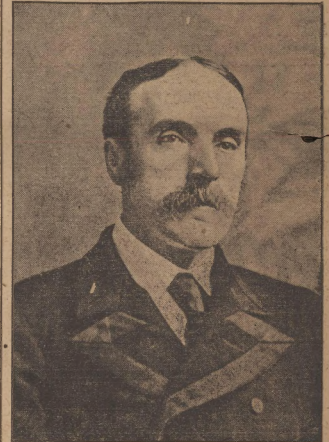
Professor "Keiro," the palmist, who was brought up again yesterday at Clerkenwell, charged under the Witchcraft Act of 1735 with telling fortunes.

## LADY HARCOURT.



The greatest sympathy is felt for her ladyship on the sudden death of her husband, Sir William Harcourt.

## KING'S FRIEND DEAD.



General Owen Williams, who has passed away at the age of 68. He was a particular friend of his Majesty.—(Russell and Sons.)

## THE RED CROSS IN THE FAR EAST.



Hospital carriage on a Siberian hospital train, dispatched by the Red Cross Society.

## GREAT WESTERN SMASH.



Great Western locomotive type. The disaster was caused by an engine of this build leaving the rails near Llanelli Junction.

## ELEPHANTS ENJOY A COLD PLUNGE.



Some of the elephants of Lord George Sanger's circus taking a plunge in the sea at Southsea.—(Cribb, Southsea.)







## TERRIBLE RAILWAY SMASH IN WALES.

Express Flung Over a Steep  
Embankment.

### SCENES OF HORROR.

Six People Killed and Some Fifty  
Injured.

### MARVELLOUS ESCAPES.

Injured Soldier Shows Example  
of Heroic Unselfishness.

The Great Western line at Loughor, near Llanelli, was the scene of a terrible catastrophe yesterday.

One of the two engines attached to the up express jumped the rails while going at full speed, and dragged seven carriages with it down the embankment.

Two carriages were telescoped.

Six persons were killed, and some fifty sustained injury.

Those killed outright were:—

James Lloyd, 30, Dolebeche-street, Llanelli, the engine-driver; married, no family.

Fireman, John Harris.

Oliver Scullard, Parkstone, Pembroke, a passenger.

A gentleman, said to be a Nonconformist Minister, name not obtainable.

Two other passengers afterwards succumbed to their injuries.

The train is that known as the New Milford express. It starts from New Milford at 10.55 a.m., and reaches Llanelli at 1.5. After leaving Llanelli it receives an addition of carriages at Whitland Junction, and then proceeds to Paddington, where it arrives at 8.10 p.m.

It was three miles beyond Llanelli, and before Whitland was reached, that the disaster occurred. At a spot near the little town of Loughor the permanent way is carried along an embankment, rising to a height of a dozen feet above the surrounding fields. To the north hills rise, to the south is the sea at no great distance.

Along this embankment the train was travelling at fifty miles an hour. It was a few minutes late, and was endeavouring to make up arrears. The time was 1.15.

### A HIDEOUS SCENE.

The seven carriages of which the express consisted were drawn by two engines. This was unusual, for until Whitland is reached one engine is generally employed.

Half-way along the embankment there was a hideous grinding sound. The first, or extra engine, had left the rails, and was tearing up the permanent way. The great express engine behind it was dragged into the same plight, and then the first monster, tearing itself away from the other, took a leap over the embankment into the field below.

It rolled over a horrible medley of smashing metal and escaping steam. Around it were twisted the telegraph wires that it tore down as it plunged. It was crushed into little pieces, and all that remained of it was scrap-iron.

The second engine mercifully remained on the track. Otherwise the whole train would have been dashed into atoms. As it was, a fate sufficiently terrible overtook the first two carriages. Amid shrieks of terror these two carriages were telescoped one into the other. Over the edge of the embankment they were hurled, and then lay on their sides crushed, distorted masses of matchwood. That anyone in them should remain alive appeared incredible, but the heartrending cries that came from the wreckage showed that this was the case.

### BODY UT IN TWO.

Those in the back of the train who had escaped without serious injuries scrambled madly out. The fate of the driver of the first engine, named James Lloyd, was terrible. His body was cut clean in two. His mate received such injuries that he died soon afterwards.

Then the work of rescue began. From the debris men and women, some of them with awful injuries, were dragged. The most terrible damage had been done to the first carriage, and in this it was found that death had put an end to the sufferings of two passengers. At length the rescuers succeeded in removing from their cruel positions thirty of those who had received the worst injuries. These were lifted to improvised ambulances, and taken, some to Llanelli Hospital, and some to Swansea.

Several doctors were on the train, and these were able to render immediate medical assistance.

After those unable to move had been extricated, and the less severely injured helped to a place of safety, it was feared that bodies remained under

the wreckage, and a careful search was kept up for a long time.

### MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

A passenger named Nicholls had a marvellous escape. He was flung from the window of the first carriage when the crash came, and fell on to the slope of the embankment. He got up dazed, but by a miracle unhurt. In his dazed condition he walked to Loughor, a mile away, and, to the astonishment of those who came running to meet him was unable to say what had occurred. Such an effect had the catastrophe on his mind.

An act of heroism was performed by a soldier, Private Savell, of the Shropshire Regiment. His eye was smashed in, but he pluckily refused to be attended by the doctors, and pointed to his fellow-sufferers, who lay groaning and uttering piteous cries around him.

"Look after the civilians," he said. "I have been through the South African war."

### LIST OF INJURED.

The following is the official list of the injured taken to hospital:—

Miss Lilian Organ, c.o. Dr. Robertson, Fernhead House, Fernhead-road, London, bruises and shock, slight.

Mrs. Webster, no fixed address, broken arm. Mr. Webster, ditto, severe shaking.

Mrs. Thomas, wife of John Thomas, address doubtful, leg amputated at knee.

Louisa Barr, 167, South-street, Colbourn-road, London, fractured skull, unconscious.

Dr. H. W. Phillips-Jones, Rock House, Wostenholme-road, Sheffield, slight injury to leg and some internal injuries.

Rev. J. R. Phillips, Pontyngwaith, broken leg and injury to hand.

Rev. Fuller Mills, Carmarthen, serious injuries to leg and head.

Joe Gear, Llanelli, injury to head, unconscious.

Isaac Bryant, Somersetshire, injury to spine, unconscious.

Mona Roberts, Pontrhydfendigall, Tregaron, fractured arm and shock, unconscious.

Edwin Evans, Station-terrace, Llanpumpain, injury to head, not serious.

Alfred George Rudge, Fernhead-road, London, injury to head and face, and compound fracture of arm.

Jenkin Jones, Blaenmarfa, Lampeter, fractured leg.

Captain Garsia, Shropshire Light Infantry, fractured leg and injury to head.

William Williams, Tynwydd, Flynofair, Lampeter, injury to head, arm, and leg, slight.

William Henry Jones, 11, Peterwell-terrace, Lampeter.

James Davies, Highland Saundersfoot, broken leg.

W. Waw, Barracks, Pembroke Dock, broken leg.

### SURVIVORS' STORIES.

Fighting Their Way Out of the Wreckage  
of the Train.

Mr. W. Wilkins, a former chairman of the Llanelli Urban Council, gave a vivid description of his escape to a *Mirror* representative.

"I was going to Swansea," he said, "and when we were just approaching Loughor going at full speed there was a sudden shock. Then I found myself lying on the floor of the compartment. There was a series of jumping jolts going on, and I knew that the carriage was bumping along the permanent way."

"I struggled to my feet and found that the door of the carriage was jammed and that I could not get out. The carriage was lying tilted on its side."

Dr. Reid, a well-known Tenby doctor, said: "I was injured severely about the head and had a terrible task to fight my way out of the wreckage. When I succeeded I dropped down exhausted, and was picked up and put in a motor-car that took me to Llanelli."

### "SIGHT I SHALL NEVER FORGET."

An hotel keeper in Swansea, who was a passenger, said:—

"The first thing I knew that anything was wrong was a peculiar shaking and sinking sensation. The compartment seemed to be going away beneath us. I cannot describe the feeling."

"I remarked, 'What's up?' and a gentleman at the left-hand window looked out and cried, 'Oh, my God!' He immediately jumped clean through the tottering carriage, and I along with the other three occupants, scrambled after him."

"How we escaped broken limbs I don't know. We saw a sight I, for one, shall never forget."

"The carriages near us were still dragging, and, about the third from us, had turned completely over."

"One was being splintered to pieces before our eyes, and the shrieks and cries of the people inside were fearful."

"I pray to God I shall never witness or experience anything like it again."

A freighterman, named Perry, who also travelled on the ill-fated train, said to our representative:—

"Women and children were everywhere crying most pitifully, and I, with some other passengers, went up and down helping people out of the carriage windows."

"Many of them were seriously injured, and so I tore up my shirt and used it for bandages."

### CAUSE—A "BROKEN AXLE."

It is believed that the accident occurred through the breaking of the axle of the engine.

### NO PROTECTIONIST.

Mr. Balfour Sticks to the Sheffield Programme.

### FAVOURS COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

As guest of the Scottish Conservative Club at Edinburgh last night, Mr. Balfour opened the great autumn political campaign with a speech on the fiscal question.

He began by vigorously denying that the Conservative Party would enter into any compact with the Irish Party after the next general election.

"Unionists are not to be bought," said Mr. Balfour.

Plunging into the question of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, the Premier declared that he had seen nothing to alter in what was known as the Sheffield policy.

That policy was said to be protective. Protection, as he understood it, was a policy which aimed at supporting or creating home industries by raising home prices. That might be a good policy, but it was not the Sheffield policy.

Protection in its true sense had always been an admissible doctrine in the Conservative Party. Individually, he desired to say that he was no protectionist. He was one of those who thought that, under existing circumstances, protection was not the best policy.

Protection was not the policy he had recommended, directly or indirectly, either to his colleagues or the country, and he did not think he could with advantage remain the leader of the Party if it were adopted.

Whether Mr. Chamberlain's estimate of Colonial opinion was right or wrong, he entirely agreed with Mr. Chamberlain that they had got to a point at which the only possible way of moving out of the impasse was to have a free conference with self-governing Colonies and India. That was what he should like to recommend to the Unionist Party.

### LADY CURZON'S MOTHER

Arrives at Walmer Castle from America—Happy Reunion.

Mrs. Leiter and her daughter—Lady Curzon's mother and sister—arrived at Walmer Castle yesterday, after an anxious voyage from America.

It was a happy reunion, in view of the grave fears they must have felt for the patient's condition some days ago.

Lady Curzon was so well yesterday that her mother was enabled to see her.

Quite a large crowd awaited the arrival of the liner at Dover, and Mrs. Leiter was the first to descend the gangway, followed by her daughter.

Within ten minutes of the arrival of the steamer the party were in the special train on their way to the castle.

Sir Thomas Barlow and Dr. Watson Cheyne have now returned to London, a fact which speaks reassuringly for Lady Curzon's good progress.

### TSAR'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Man Arrested in the Act of Placing a Bomb on the Line.

VIENNA, Monday.—A telegram from Cracow stated that the "Naprod," the organ of the Socialist leader Daszynski, reports that an hour before the train conveying the Tsar to Odessa arrived at Barmowicz, the officials arrested a man just as he was trying to place something resembling a bomb upon the line.

The man's identity has not yet been established.—*Reuter*.

### SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S FUNERAL.

Everywhere the death of Sir William Harcourt has evoked sincere regret, and the stream of letters and telegrams of sympathy with the family includes an autograph letter from the King to Lady Harcourt.

The funeral has been fixed to take place at half-past two on Thursday, at Nuneham, and the service will be conducted by the vicar, the Rev. W. H. Castleman.

### SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.

For the sixth time in succession J. H. Derbyshire won the 100 yds. amateur swimming championship at Middlesbrough last night.

Derbyshire's time in the final was 60.4-sec. P. Radinmoff, champion of Wales, was second; and W. Call, champion of Sheffield, third.

### THE KING'S RETURN TO TOWN.

The King returns to London on Saturday next, and the Queen is expected to arrive at Buckingham Palace on Saturday week, October 15.

The King will visit Newmarket from Tuesday to Friday next week, and return to London to meet her Majesty.

## "GLORY TO GOD."

Stoessel's Eloquent Tribute  
to the Brave Garrison.

### FANATICAL COURAGE.

CHIEF, Monday.—General Stoessel confirms the repulse of Japanese assaults between the 19th and 22nd ult., when the fighting was extremely severe.

After the engagement Stoessel issued the following proclamation:—

"Glory and thanks to God. Glory to our heroic garrison. Glory to Ilmann Sychoff and Pogorsky. Heroes all. Glory to our chiefs and officers; and especial glory and thanks to our valiant volunteers, who drove the enemy from the trenches, destroying them. God has permitted us to repulse the enemy. Praise to God."

The volunteers were regulars who had been called for to retake High Hill under Lieutenant Pogorsky and Captain Sychoff.

The Russians calculate the total Japanese losses for four days at 10,000.—*Reuter's Special Service*.

### FANATICAL FIGHTING.

Garrison Reduced to Eating Donkey Meat.

CHIEF, Monday.—Further details have arrived of the fighting at Port Arthur, which began on the 19th ult.

By nightfall the waterworks and the redoubts had been destroyed, being reduced to mere heaps of debris. The garrison thereupon fell back upon the main fortifications in safety under cover of darkness.

The desperate determination of the Japanese to capture High Hill amounted to fanaticism. Their efforts never ceased for four days.

One battalion of Japanese, having retreated into a valley where it was exposed to the Russian shrapnel fire, was almost annihilated.

Eventually the Japanese succeeded in placing one field-gun and two machine-guns in position behind a hastily-made barrier. Their tenure, owing to the fire from the outer forts, was very insecure, and when Pogorsky charged the tide turned against them.

One Japanese battalion was annihilated in the trenches, which the men refused to desert. Another detachment was driven into the Russian entanglements, where Sychoff's force was waiting for them, and completed the rout.

The Japanese made two other attempts to retake the position, but failed.

### HEAPS OF MANGLED BODIES.

Some Chinese who had been engaged in burying the dead at Port Arthur say that the effect of the Russian shells and machine guns was terrific. The slopes of High Hill were littered with mangled bodies and severed heads and limbs. In one trench they buried 300 Japanese and 300 Russians.

The garrison now has sufficient food, but the tinned meat supplies are nearly exhausted.

Thirty donkeys are now being slaughtered daily for fresh meat, which is worth about 5s. a pound Eggs cost 10d. each.—*Reuter's Special Service*.

### ALEXIEFF'S FLIGHT AFTER DEFEAT.

PARIS, Monday.—According to a St. Petersburg message in the "Echo de Paris," when Admiral Alexieff heard of the defeat at Liao-yang, he left Mukden in a train at full steam, and had all traffic suspended on the line, but, notwithstanding this, his train ran into an ambulance train, killing forty of the wounded men in it.

No change is reported in the position of the armies near Mukden, though there are daily skirmishes. Japanese reinforcements are arriving, and the Russians claim to have captured several convoys.

### SHIELDING A FRIEND.

The fact has leaked out that Mr. Gurney, the Embassy official at Washington, whose fine for motor-scorching led to so much discussion, was not really the driver of the offending car.

It was driven by the young son of a friend of Mr. Gurney's, and Mr. Gurney assumed the responsibility, in order to shield the youth.

This has caused a revulsion of feeling in Mr. Gurney's favour, says Laffan.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly breezes; fair and rather cold generally; fog in places inland.

Lighting-up time 6.31 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate in the south; smooth elsewhere.



## WHO IS THE MARQUIS?

Blacksmith's Claim to Title and Millions.

### NOVEL OF REAL LIFE.

Paris is just now in the throes of an "affaire" after its own heart—a duel over millions between a blacksmith champion and a Marquis.

The story of this strange business begins in a noble house in Madrid, the home of the family of Casa Riera.

Here lived the old Marquis of Casa Riera, a man of humble birth, who had won his way to great wealth and high rank. His princely fortune was then estimated at from four to six million pounds, and he had, besides, large estates and noble residences in different parts of Spain.

The origin of this man's vast wealth is not really known. Stories are told of a theft of a casket of priceless jewels belonging to the Queen of Spain. But these stories were not credited in his day by his superiors, for he was made Marquis in 1859, and became later chamberlain to the Queen.

#### Swift Vengeance for Infidelity.

About the year 1840 the Marquis, then a man of fifty years of age, was attracted by the beauty of the young daughter of a farmer upon one of his estates. The girl was but eighteen years of age, but the Marquis fondly believed that he had won her love.

He was deceived. Twelve months after the marriage his beautiful wife gave birth to a black baby, the child of a negro cook in the kitchen of the palace. The vengeance of the Marquis, so the story runs, was swift and bloody. An aghast attendant found father, mother, and child all dead a few days later, literally covered with wounds from a poisoned dagger used by a desperate hand.

The gloomy Marquis then walked up the windows of this Palace of the Calle del Alcala. He confessed his crime to the Queen of Spain, and ended his life as an exile from his native land. He took up his abode in a house in the Rue de Berri, in Paris, and for twenty-five years the wall-painted picture in Madrid remained empty, a monument to his avenged honour.

Passers-by, looking at the sinister place, called it "the House of Silence." The old Marquis lived a retired life in his Paris home. His age when he died on May 21, 1881, was ninety-one. He left a will, which provided that his vast estate should go to the eldest son of his sister, José-Maria Mora y Riera.

In the event of the death of this nephew it should pass to Alexandro, that nephew's brother, or, in the case of the death of both, to their remaining brother, Gonzalo.

José-Maria Mora y Riera succeeded to the vast estates, but he only lived fifty-nine days after his uncle.

Gonzalo never took even a legacy which was left him in the will independently of the succession. He is believed to have signed away his share to the present Marquis, who succeeded in December, 1881.

#### The Blacksmith Claimant.

The present Marquis has claimed these estates up to within quite recent years, with the slightest let or hindrance. Any disturbance which might have been expected was disposed of by the death, in 1887, of Gonzalo.

But in June, 1890, there comes forward with a most dramatic suddenness a blacksmith, named Pierre Riera, a remote cousin, who states that he is the rightful heir to the vast estates of the old Marquis. He says, moreover, that the present Marquis is an impostor, who has obtained his just heritage by a trick.

A preliminary battle soon took place in the French Law Courts. The blacksmith brought an action against the Marquis for the restitution of his inheritance in the Second Civil Court of the Seine. The first honours of the struggle were to the Marquis. The blacksmith at once appealed against this decision and lost.

This blacksmith is a strong, tall, swarthy man of middle age, of a most determined aspect. His first defeat only excited his ardour for the fray, and he set himself to organize a veritable campaign. His first ally in this fight was the Abbé Couvet.

The blacksmith was poor, and it needed money to grapple with so redoubtable an adversary. According to the Paris "Matin" something like a syndicate has been formed, which will, however, content itself with only 11 per cent. of the spoils, should the blacksmith succeed.

It has spent £3,000 and has been working at least two years in constructing a case against the present holder of the vast estates. Either directly or indirectly connected with this syndicate are a host of well-known public men, some of whom believe the blacksmith's story and others of whom are actuated by a wish to see justice done at any cost. The Count de Dion (one of the heads of the motor industry), M. Firmin Faure, a celebrated Deputy, and the League of the Droits d'Homme, are all giving the blacksmith something more than mere moral support.

This syndicate has carried the case further: it has, to a certain extent, investigated the claim of the blacksmith, and has strengthened the attack.

(Continued on page 10.)

## SAVED BY A HATPIN.

Lady Chorister Shot on Her Way from Church.

The quiet Hampshire village of Enham, near Andover, is greatly excited over a mysterious and dastardly outrage, of which a young lady is the victim.

Miss Dorothy Josephine Lumley, a girl of seventeen, member of the choir at Smanell Parish Church, was going home to Enham when she heard a man coming in the opposite direction. The night was pitch dark, and as it was raining very hard Miss Lumley was holding an umbrella.

She had just passed the man when she saw a flash, and immediately felt a stinging sensation in the neck. She cried out, and ran to a cottage, where she arrived in a state of collapse, with blood flowing copiously from the back part of her head.

A surgical examination showed that the young lady had had a very narrow escape, and that a hatpin had saved her life by turning the direction of the bullet. The pin was bent and the bullet entered the neck, took an upward course, and emerged at the top of the head.

Fortunately the skull was not penetrated, and fatal results are not anticipated. Miss Lumley has no idea who her assailant was, or what motive could have possessed anyone to attempt her life. The police, on being apprised of the outrage, took up the case, but so far no arrest has been made.

## ELECTION WITHOUT POLITICS.

Personalities the Only Feature in the Campaign in Thanet.

"Politics are never mentioned in this election," said an election agent at Ramsgate to a *Mirror* representative. "The voters of Thanet are concerned about men rather than measures."

This has become recognised by both candidates now, and everybody in Thanet knows that it is a personal, and not a political, duel.

Mr. King, the Liberal candidate, is going around the constituency as fast as his famous Darracq motor-car will take him, proclaiming for the cheap loaf.

"This is a fine place for blacking characters," Mr. Marks tells the electors. "If some people could black their boots as well, how shiny they would be."

A Margate orator, Mr. Bishop, has offered, on behalf of Alderman West, £5 to a local charity if Mr. Marks can prove that the coloured front page of his election address was not printed abroad.

Mr. Marks got an English printer's affidavit of how he designed, set it up, and printed it, all in London, and politely requests Mr. Bishop to take the necessary steps to secure the payment of the promised £5 to the Margate Cottage Hospital.

Mr. Harry Marks scored on that challenge, but his opponent threatens many personal bombshells, to be fired to-day and to-morrow.

## INDIARUBBER EYE CURE.

Patient Describes How Dr. Smith Does Away with Spectacles.

Much has been said lately about Dr. Stephen Smith's "no spectacles" eye cure, and a *Mirror* representative has gathered some interesting particulars from a patient regarding the mode of treatment.

Strips of indiarubber are cut to fit the eye, which the patient closes while the indiarubber is gently but firmly pressed against the eye-ball.

"This is done for two or three minutes at a time, twice a day, at an interval of twelve hours."

"I was cured within a week—no pain, no worry, and no spectacles."

We have received from the Rev. Vincent Smith, of West Ham, the following letter on the subject, which seems to support Dr. Stephen Smith's claims:—

"Two of the patients shown on September 24 were my daughters. They were formerly short-sighted, and without spectacles could not read without considerable discomfort. The short sight is now gone, and their spectacles have been discarded with perfect comfort."

### "£250,000 LOST."

The statement that Messrs. Yarrow, Poplar, had lost a large torpedo contract, by reason of their engineers refusing to work night shifts for time and a quarter, appears to be greatly exaggerated.

Yesterday an official statement by the naval section of the Austrian War Office was issued intimating that only the contracts for one torpedo-boat and one torpedo-boat destroyer had been offered to Messrs. Yarrow, and that these, with their plans, were to act as models for the Trieste yard to carry out the bulk of the work.

### MR. MARCONI, SCORCHER.

While Mr. Marconi, accompanied by a lady, was driving in a motor in New York the chauffeur was arrested for driving at an illegal speed.

Mr. Marconi protested valiantly, and the whole party were taken to the police station.—Laffan.

## BRODRICK CAP

Not an Invention of the Ex-War Minister.

Figuratively speaking, the Brodrick "cap doesn't fit" Mr. Brodrick's head. In other words, he disclaims all responsibility for the unpopular headgear which has come to be associated with his name.

The ex-War Minister has explicitly said as much in reply to a letter from Mr. Jeffreys, M.P., who desired an elucidation of the matter for the information of his soldier constituents at Aldershot.

Mr. Jeffreys wrote saying that he understood Mr. Brodrick left all questions of soldiers' dress to the military authorities.

Mr. Brodrick replies that that is quite accurate, and says:—

"A cap of this pattern was first designed and appointed for a regiment of footguards some months before I came to the War Office in 1900, and after the proper authorities had been consulted it was issued to the other regiments of Guards."

"I never saw the cap until it was worn by the troops. In December, 1901, the military authorities decided to make the issue of this cap universal in the Army."

"It was not till six months later that the question came before me, and in answer to my inquiry as to the reason for making the change, I was informed by the then Commander-in-Chief that it was necessary on military grounds to supersede the 'Field Service Cap' by the present headgear."

"The flattering attention of those who have endowed the cap with my name is thus wholly undeserved. I took no part in designing or initiating any other change in military clothing or equipment."

## MOB-LAW AT CITY TEMPLE.

Workmen Will Ask Dr. Campbell To Withdraw His Words.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell is being made to feel the full force of his distaste against the working men of this country. Many of the leaders of labour have strongly repudiated Mr. Campbell's allegations.

Now a modern application of mob law is to be resorted to. Arrangements are being made for a demonstration both outside and inside the City Temple, on Holborn Viaduct, on Sunday morning next.

An idea was originated under the Reformers' Tree in Hyde Park on Sunday last, and a resolution was passed as follows:—

The scandalous statements emanating from the smug and uncharitable Nonconformists concerning the working men of this country are untruthful.

Another resolution ran:—

That this meeting of British working men pledges itself to resent fallacious statements by irresponsible mountebanks against our honour, and further consents to appear on Sunday morning next at the City Temple for the purpose of asking the Rev. R. J. Campbell a few questions.

Amongst those who will join in the demonstration are members of the Navvies' Union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the London Society of Compositors, the Society of Barge Builders.

## ILL-FATED COMMANDER.

Is Drowned While Taking the Coxswain's Place on a Steam Picket.

The crew of H.M.S. *Illustrious* deeply regret the loss of Commander Melville, who was drowned while returning from Weymouth to his ship in Portland Harbour.

It was a very dark night, and a gale was blowing from the north-east. Commander Melville left Weymouth Harbour in a steam picket boat belonging to H.M.S. *Hermes*. The boat weathered safely the rough passage between the harbour and the breakwater, and past the Dolphins.

The Commander suggested to the coxswain that he should take the wheel, to enable the coxswain to see that the boats and lights were all right.

On returning to the stern of the boat the coxswain missed Mr. Melville, and whether he was washed overboard or missed his footing and fell into the sea is not known.

### MORE LUCKY "MIRROR" GUESTS.

Two more 5s. prizes have been claimed by persons photographed at the Crystal Palace on *Mirror* Day.

Mr. H. Richards, 6, Gower-place, Easton-square, was one of the claimants. His photograph appeared in the *Mirror* on September 30, but it was not until the paper was sent him by a friend that he knew he was entitled to a prize.

The portrait of Mr. A. Aylesbury, of 83, Royal-hill, Greenwich, appeared on September 27, and on his application 5s. was yesterday paid to him.

Captain Scott has lectured before the King at Balmoral on the work of the Antarctic expedition.

## SEEKING A CRIPPLE.

Strange Story of the Murdered Baby.

### LAME UNCLE'S JEALOUSY.

The mystery of the baby murder, at 10, Bromley-road, Lower Tottenham, is no nearer solution, and the perpetrator of the diabolical deed is still at large.

The child's crippled uncle, Albert Holmes, has been missing since the murder was committed, and the father and mother of the child make no secret of their suspicions that Albert killed their little one from an unaccountable motive of jealousy.

He is believed to have stolen upstairs while the family were at breakfast on Sunday, and battered the child's face with a poker.

He then suddenly disappeared, and all efforts to find him have, so far, proved unavailing.

He was seen walking in the direction of the River Lea, and the river has been dragged, without success.

There are one or two curious facts in connection with the crime, which were communicated to a *Mirror* representative by the cripple's brother-in-law.

"Bertie" Holmes, the missing man, was a cripple from his birth. He was club-footed, half paralysed, and unable to get about with any comfort.

#### Addicted to Hypnotism.

"He went in for hypnotic cures," said Mr. Joseph Copeland, the father of the child, who had just come home from his ship, the *Endymion*, and was half prostrate from the shock.

He corresponded with the Segno Success Club, of Los Angeles, California, which professes to cure by suggestion. He would sit for hours in a half-dark room looking at a photograph of work which he would have been able to do, and Tom said he would have to leave the house.

"It was suggested he should try and get into the infirmary, and his reply was: 'You want to get rid of me; if I do go it will be the worse for some of you.'"

"He looked at my wife in a very curious way before he went upstairs. We never left him alone with the children on account of his mental condition."

Later, there have been disputes between him and his brother-in-law, Tom. He would not try to get even the small amount of work which he would have been able to do, and Tom said he would have to leave the house.

"It was suggested he should try and get into the infirmary, and his reply was: 'You want to get rid of me; if I do go it will be the worse for some of you.'"

#### Poison in Sweetheart's Stout.

"How he got out of the house is a mystery, for no one heard the front door go."

"The evening before the murder he was out with his sweetheart, and gave her some stout to drink. She complained of the fiery taste, and asked what he had been doing to it. He said: 'Nothing,' and, to reassure her, drank some himself, with the result that on his return home he was violently sick."

His sweetheart and another lady who also had some of the stout were so ill that medical attendance had to be summoned.

"Poison is suspected from the fact that he was seen crushing up a piece of paper, as if he had just poured the contents into the drink."

The cripple's description is given as follows: Age twenty-four, height 5ft. 3in., sallow complexion, hair and slight moustache—fair—suffers from paralysis of left side, left leg shorter than right, left foot withered, cork elevation in boot."

A man, who afterwards turned out to be a snigger, answered so exactly to this description that he was kept under observation in a Westminster workhouse while Mr. Copeland was sent for.

### ABOUT AN M.P.'S LANGUAGE.

At Belfast yesterday Mr. Thomas Sloan, M.P., was summoned for alleged abusive language at the Custom House Steps.

The prosecutor was a man named John Livingston, who stated that Mr. Sloan was afraid to accept his challenge to meet him on a public platform.

The magistrate characterised the case as "trumped up," and dismissed the summons.

### HER PETS TO FOLLOW HER.

Mrs. Laura Anderson, of Edinburgh, whose will has just been proved, was anxious that her pets should, like those of the Red Indian, follow her to the happy hunting grounds. She left provision that on her demise her three horses were to be shot and her dogs and cats destroyed by chloroform. She was the widow of the late Mr. Robert Chambers, the well-known Edinburgh publisher.

A fight between amateur pugilists at New Durham, New Jersey, under the auspices of several local policemen, resulted (says Laffan) in the death of one of the contestants caused by a blow over the heart.



## MARRIAGE HANDICAP.

Disturbing Influence of a Mother-in-Law.

### HUSBAND IN THE COLD.

The handicap which a mother-in-law may prove to the successful enjoyment of the married state formed the theme of the complaint made yesterday at Worship-street Police Court by a young man, who bore the mark of a painful cut on his head and carried a bent poker in his hand.

Because, he said, he requested his wife to tell her mother to get a room for herself elsewhere, his mother-in-law attacked him, tore his clothes, and afterwards hit him across the head with a poker.

Mrs. Stamp said her son-in-law had her daughter by the throat, and she simply took her part.

The husband denied this. His wife stuck up for her mother, and he also had his sister-in-law upon him.

His wife's brother, he added, had also forced himself into the house, and lived there for some time.

He had had a previous trouble with his mother-in-law, and she, backed up by his wife, had got him bound over to keep the peace, so that he could not call his soul his own in his house.

Mrs. Stamp: His house! Why, it's my daughter's; her shop and her business.

The husband: I don't get a chance or a meal in the place between her, her daughter, and my wife.

A constable said he was fetched to the house in Ironmonger-row, St. Luke's, and found the woman with the poker in her hand. The man was bleeding.

Mr. Corser said he could not settle this domestic quarrel, and discharged the man.

At the same court James and Louisa West, husband and wife, were charged with fighting over money matters in the public street.

The wife said her husband had not given her any money, although he had been paid.

The husband explained that he could not trust her with any of his wages, and said he offered to buy anything she wanted.

The couple were bound over.

### GIRL CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Lover Killed in a Quarrel with His Sweetheart.

A blue-eyed, dark-haired girl of very youthful appearance, named Alice Nice, was placed in the dock at Southend-on-Sea Police Court yesterday on a charge of murdering her sweetheart, William Oliver, a young labourer living at Prittlewell.

She sobbed bitterly while her own brother recounted the circumstances of the tragedy. He said that on Saturday night the girl came with her young man to her mother's home in East-street, Prittlewell, bringing also her baby, which is eight months old. The man was mad drunk, and the woman the worse for drink.

As soon as they got in they began to quarrel, Oliver threatening to throw the baby at the girl, alleging that she had been unfaithful to him.

In trying to strike the girl Oliver, the witness stated, stumbled and fell on to her. She was cut some food, and Oliver fell back, exclaiming: "She has stabbed me!"

The wound was bandaged up by a doctor, and Oliver returned to his own lodgings, but he died on Sunday in the Victoria Hospital.

The girl, who is twenty-two years old to-day, was remanded in custody.

### SHY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Judge Addison Refuses To Have "Something for Nothing."

"People bother me," said Judge Addison, K.C., at the Southwark County Court yesterday, "to take my photograph—I suppose because I am a Judge, I can think of no other reason—and say they charge nothing; but I pay no attention to such applications."

His Honour made this remark in advising a litigant not to believe that people would give something for nothing, even though they advertised to do so.

When, in a subsequent case, a barrister stated that his client, although an Englishwoman, had been so mixed up with foreigners that she had either never acquired or had forgotten her native tongue, the Judge remarked that he was reminded of people he had read of in the newspapers.

"They are found in the streets," he said, "having forgotten who they are, where they come from, or what language they speak."

### MOTHER'S PROUD CLAIM.

"Don't ask what my husband is. This has nothing to do with him. Ask me what I am," said a lady defendant at Clerkenwell yesterday.

Judge Edgell: Very well. What are you?

The Lady: The mother of six children. There!

The judge, however, was given against her.

## SOCIETY WIZARDS IN COURT.

Lady Detective Gives an Amusing Account of Her Excursion Into the Occult.

The much-deferred trial of West End palmists began at Clerkenwell Sessions, yesterday, before Mr. Loveland Loveland, K.C.

But although the "Keiros," otherwise Charles and Martha Stephenson, surrendered to their bail, the third defendant, "Yoga," did not respond when his name was called. It was ascertained that he had been taken ill suddenly outside the court, and had had to receive the attentions of a doctor.

So Mr. Gill, K.C., for the prosecution, proceeded first with the charges, under the Witchcraft Act of 1735, against the "Keiros," of having attempted to obtain money by false pretences, and of unlawfully pretending to tell fortunes.

In opening the case for the prosecution, counsel said that of late people describing themselves as palmists had set up in business in the West End of London and other places, and it was thought desirable that test cases should be taken to see if they were in the same position in the eyes of the law as the people who formerly travelled the country as fortune-tellers.

### Crystal Kopt Its Secrets.

One of the reasons why Keiro was selected for prosecution was that he described himself as being the leading and the oldest-established palmist in the world. It was obvious that the business was very remunerative, and that persons with a disinclination for ordinary work and a lively imagination would be admirably adapted for it.

As evidence of the relations between the prisoners and their clients, he would read some of the correspondence:—

From Bradford one wretched woman wrote that she was nearly heartbroken, and was afraid she would never marry a certain man. She added: "Enclosed is order for £2 for the crystal, but I haven't seen anything in it yet."

Another client wrote: "I am writing to inform you that my exam. comes off in April, and as you may expect I am in a mortal funk about it. . . I have appealed to you in the hope of your being able to do something in the way of hypnotism in order to ensure my success. Can you?"

In a letter from a lady, who had been warned not to ride in December for fear of a horse accident, the client asked, "Does this apply to driving, as I don't ride? It will be very inconvenient for me not to drive at that time, and I want to ask you if it is quite safe."

One client put the following questions: "Shall we get enough money to retire this autumn? Can you tell me about my sister's prospects, and is she likely to leave her money to me?"

A very practical gentleman wanted to know what would win the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National, or if there was any difficulty in

that he would like the names of two horses that would win their races.

How it was possible from an examination of the hand to foretell the future he did not know, Mr. Gill continued. Of course, there were times when palmistry was practised in court. When a pick-pocket was charged and declared that he liked nothing so much as work the jailer well, the prisoner was asked to look at his hands. If he reported that the prisoner had done no work in the past the Judge usually dealt with the future very promptly.

The evidence of Dorothy Tempest, a private detective, was then taken. She said that on July 20 she went to Keiro's rooms on the instruction of Messrs. Lewis and Lewis. After she had signed a notice, which Keiro said was to protect him from prosecution, she was told that she would be in danger from the sea, not by being on it, but by being in it.

Keiro told her that if she wanted to know more she should consult Mme. Keiro, who was a clairvoyant. Mme. Keiro examined her hands and told her a great deal about her health.

Replying to questions by Mr. Yelverton, for the defence, the witness said it was true she wrote to a Mrs. Fisher, a palmist, who was a friend of hers, saying she knew more about palmistry than either of the Keiros. She did not consider they knew anything.

She regarded palmistry as all humbug. Another private detective, Annie Betts, also described a visit to Mme. Keiro. Gaining into the crystal Mme. Keiro saw a gentleman in a very hot place and said he would leave her client £8,000.

A form was handed to Charles Richards, an ex-detective inspector, to sign when he called. Keiro, he said, told him he had had to have it printed, and that he had said, "You see," the palmist added, "to swindle anybody you must deceive them, and it has been pointed out that unless you do that it is no offence."

### Perplexing Prediction.

Keiro told Richards he would live to the age of 88, that he would become a widower, and that his wife would die at 77.

Counsel: How will that work out?

Witness: If my wife lives to 77 I shall die two years before her.

Counsel: So you will be a widower two years before your wife dies?

The case for the prosecution having closed, Mr. Yelverton, addressing the court for the defence, said the charge was a preposterous one, preferred under a statute passed in the reign of James I. The statute was known to lawyers as the Witchcraft Act, and dealt with the conjuration of evil and wicked spirits. It could not be applicable to the case before the Court, for the prosecution could not possibly prove witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration against the prisoners.

Mr. Yelverton was still speaking when the Court adjourned until to-day.

### "TOO ABSURD FOR A PLAY."

Amusing Evidence in a Music-Hall Sketch Prosecution.

In thrashing out the question raised by the Theatrical Managers' Association as to whether "The Belle of the Orient," at the Oxford Music Hall, was, or was not, a stage play, some amusing evidence was given at Marlborough-street, yesterday.

The heroine of the alleged play, it was explained, was drugged and abducted by the agents of the "Sultan of Upopo," and "Lord Exmoor" offered £50,000 for her release.

Mr. Bodkin (for the prosecution): Do they all earn the £50,000?

Mr. Grain (for the defence): I think they say "D— you £50,000." (Laughter).

Mr. Bodkin: If those words are used the Lord Chamberlain would never have licensed it. (Loud laughter).

The third act showed the Sultan's harem.

Mr. Bodkin: Was it like a harem?

Mr. Grain (to the witness): Don't give yourself away.

For the defence Mr. Grain contended that the piece was "too absurd for a stage play."

Mr. Kennedy thought it was clear that the piece was a stage play, but he would adjourn the case so that he might consider the amount of the penalty.

### SHRUBBERY AS CHILD'S BED.

"Mammy is dead and daddy beats me with a stick," wailed a pitiful little voice to a policeman, who found its owner, Lily Snow, a pretty mite, soaked to the skin in a shrubbery at Ealing in the small hours of the morning.

### REMEDY OF TIME.

A woman complained to Mr. Plowden that another of her sex had been abusing her for nearly two years.

Mr. Plowden: You have put up with it for so long that I think you may safely leave it to be remedied by time. Exhaustion must supervene soon.

### SAVED BY HER LOVER.

Unpunctual Sweetheart Buys Poison to Kill Herself.

After waiting an hour for his sweetheart at Crouch End on Saturday Henry Ballinger, a Hornsey dairyman, reproved her when she at last arrived with the remark, "It's about time I've done with you."

The girl, Constance Kemp, took the words to heart, for, after going to a shop, she showed a packet to Ballinger, and said it contained poison, adding, "I shall be finished altogether with you by and by."

Failing to secure the packet, Ballinger informed a constable, who found it on Kemp's table. She said it was oxalic acid, and remarked, "If I can't take it I'll buy some more or hang myself."

The magistrate at Highgate yesterday remanded the girl on a charge of threatening to commit suicide, and commented on the facility with which a girl could get "enough poison to kill half a dozen people."

### COMEDIAN'S "RESCUE."

Mr. Tom Leamore, the music-hall comedian, denied, at the South-Western Police Court yesterday, that he, as was alleged, had attempted to rescue a friend from the custody of the police at midnight on Saturday. He merely invited the constable to release the prisoner.

The magistrate requested Mr. Leamore to enter into his own bail to be of good behaviour, and fined the friend, Samuel Levy, an estate agent, 5s. for disorderly conduct.

### DISADVANTAGE OF BEING BLACK.

Owing to a recent order prohibiting coloured men from landing in Australia, a negro told the Thames magistrate yesterday he had been discharged from the vessel on which for some years he had voyaged between England and the colony.

He claimed to be a British subject, and the magistrate sent him to the Sailors' Home for his plea of assistance to be considered.

## ACROBAT IN CRIME.

Finger-print Sequel to an Exciting Chase.

### BURGLAR'S DARING FEATS.

A remarkable development has taken place in connection with the sensational incident at Margate the other day, when a supposed burglar shot a constable who was pursuing him, and afterwards attempted suicide.

The Scotland Yard authorities have discovered that the finger-prints of the man at Margate are in all essential details the counterpart of those of a burglar whose wonderful daring exploits in the West End of London at various intervals during recent years have proved a sore trial to the police.

Such was his agility and contempt for danger that he has been known as the "Acrobatic burglar."

The achievements of the "Acrobatic burglar" first received prominence some two years ago, when a series of clever robberies were committed at hotels and fashionable residences in the West End, the thief invariably climbing into the buildings by way of the rain-water pipe outside.

The burglar for a long time eluded the vigilance of the police, but one day, after getting a haul in Wigmore-street in a similar manner, he was captured on his way home.

He was found to be a young Swiss waiter, and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, afterwards being twice sentenced as a suspected person.

The man had been living in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court-road, and in July last he called upon the landlady after a long and unexplained absence, and asked for two trunks he had left behind.

As he did not recognise the visitor the landlord asked him to call again, but the man never reappeared. Curious to know the contents of the heavy boxes the landlord had them opened, when, to his astonishment, a mass of glittering jewellery and other articles—diamond rings, watches, opera-glasses, and brooches—was revealed.

These proved to be the proceeds of the many robberies by the "acrobat" two years previously, and were taken charge of by the police. A collar, bearing the initials of the Swiss waiter, left sufficient clue as to the author of the robberies.

The man is said to have passed under the names of Theodore Huber, Thomas Hiller, and Vincent Fence.

### FASCINATING STRANGER.

Disorderly Behaviour Attributed to Drugged Liqueur.

A singular defence was set up at Brentford Police Court yesterday by Edward James Douglas, when charged with being drunk and disorderly.

Meeting "a pleasant-mannered stranger" at Kew on Saturday, Douglas said, he agreed to go and see Brentford play Portsmouth at football. Cementing their sudden friendship with a drink, Douglas said "at half-time" his mind became a blank, and he remembered nothing till he awoke in the police station, robbed of his valuables.

Douglas's brother-in-law said "the prisoner had no thought but for that which was noble."

Fines amounting to 40s. and costs were imposed.

### SHOT FOR AN INSULT.

Story of a Bullet That Rebounded from the Ground.

Charged with attempting to murder Alfred Ryder by shooting him with a revolver, William Price, at Bow-street yesterday, explained that while out with his wife and brothers, his wife complained of having been insulted by Ryder and another man, who continued to follow them.

As they approached their home, an altercation took place between the parties, and Price said he fired the revolver with the intention of frightening Ryder.

He held the revolver towards the ground, and suggested that the bullet rebounded from the ground before striking Ryder.

Mr. Marshall committed Price on the lower charge of shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm, allowing bail.

"For the Blood is the Life."  
**Clarke's Blood Mixture**

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blenorrhoea, Piles and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists everywhere.



# ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

St. Chrysostom's Church, Manchester, has been burned to the ground.

For some unexplained reason over 2,000 workmen have stopped work at the Queen's Island Ship-building Yard, in Ireland.

When charged for carrying a gun in Mousehold Park, near Norwich, William Goodson said the place is more fit for courting than poaching.

## CORONET FOR SALE.

At the next sale of Lord Anglessey's effects, one lot has quite a pathetic interest.

It reads:—A Coronation robe, quite new, in crimson velvet, ornamented with real ermine cape, with a coronet to match.

## FROM INN TO WORKHOUSE.

If all villages were as Llangwm, in South Pembrokeshire, there would be no need for Licensing Bills.

There the public-house question has settled itself by the last inn being closed last week, and the licensee becoming an inmate of the workhouse.

## THRIVING SHELLFISH.

Morecambe mussels have aroused the admiration and envy of the Dee fishery conservators.

At their meeting at Chester they have decided to experiment in the Morecambe plan of transplanting, by which the molluscs are said to gain an inch in size in six months.

## SOLID SILVER BEDSTEAD.

Sheffield experts a silver-reaching reputation in a new direction by the manufacture by a leading firm of a solid silver bedroom suite.

It consists of four-post bedstead, chairs, couches, cabinets, and dressing-tables—all in sterling silver repoussé work, made to the order of an Indian rajah.

## FREE MUSIC LECTURES.

Free lectures have been anonymously provided by a generous donor for those studying for degrees in music, to be delivered at the Guildhall School of Music.

The course will be commenced by Sir Frederick Bridge, Professor at the University of London, on Wednesday, October 12.

## DUSTY ABERYSTWYTH.

Aberystwyth ratepayers have, at a largely-attended indignation meeting, accused the corporation of throwing dust in the eyes of visitors.

This charge was made not in a figurative but in a literal sense, and referred to the absurd custom of sweeping the roads without previously damping down the dust by watering.

## FISHING WITH BUCKETS.

Related visitors to the North Welsh coast between Beaumaris and Barmouth have enjoyed a unique fishing experience.

Whitebait in phenomenal profusion were driven along the coast by a huge shoal of young mackerel, with the result they could be easily scooped out of the sea in buckets.

## VIRTUE IN GARDENING.

Gardeners ought to be the best men in the world was the gentle flattery with which the Countess of Harrowby opened a horticultural show at Stafford.

In the course of a much-applauded speech she said that the way to reform the drunkard, the wife-beater, and the criminal was to persuade them to take an absorbing interest in gardening.

## SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN STUDENT.

At the opening of the schools at Cambridge early honours have been gained by a Colonial undergraduate.

E. F. Burton, B.A. of the University of Toronto, has gained an exhibition prize of £50 offered by Emmanuel College to an advanced student commencing residence in October, 1904.

## PAINLESS TEA SCALD.

Although the two-and-a-half-year-old child of Mr. Sidney Lynch, of Llanelli, swallowed some scalding tea from the spout of the teapot, she appeared to feel no pain and ran about as usual for several hours afterwards.

Nothing, said the doctor, could be done to save her life, and she died early the next morning.

## PRINCIPAL FOR DURHAM COLLEGE.

At the annual meeting of Durham College of Science, Newcastle, yesterday, Sir Isambard Owen, M.A., M.D., was appointed Principal in succession to the late Dr. Gurney, who lost his life recently in an Alpine fatality.

Sir Isambard is the vice-Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of London.

## TRAMCAR'S SUDDEN STOP.

With a sudden jerk the passengers in a Dudley electric tramcar, passing through Salop-street, were shaken violently together up at the further end.

The first inclination was to abuse the driver, who had, by clapping on the emergency brake, pulled up the car in a few yards.

When, however, they found that his promptness had saved the life of a woman attempting suicide their annoyance melted into congratulations.

Burglars have stolen a safe containing £30 from the County Council office at Stratford.

Lord Dalmeny has entered public life by being sworn into office as Justice of the Peace for Midlothian.

Lord Spencer's progress towards recovery is so far uninterrupted states the latest bulletin from Great Brington.

Major Eustace Loder denies the report that he will oppose Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., at the next election for Newmarket.

Owners and masters, after meeting at Glasgow in the Scotch collieries' wages dispute, have adjourned without arriving at any decision.

The Newhaven to London boat express broke down at Horley yesterday morning. Some delay was caused, as another engine had to be telegraphed for.

## INSPECTION IN EXCELSIS.

Fathers and mothers of girls between fourteen and eighteen years of age will have an added terror in life in the highly-improbable event of the suggestions of Miss Robinson, of Liverpool, becoming law.

Lecturing at the Manchester Art Museum at Ancoats, she said that the inequality of the sexes was the cause of the physical degeneration of the English people.

Only by Government and municipal inspection of the homes of all girls between fourteen and eighteen would it be possible to ensure that the future mothers of the race were being brought up in a pure, moral, and physical atmosphere.

## MINISTER'S BAD LAW.

Four closely written pages of foolscap contained the case of the Rev. Thomas Griffiths, Independent minister of Pontfaen, Machynlleth, which he proceeded to read in the local county court as complainant against a farmer respecting grazing rights.

His Honour pointed out to him that he knew a little law, but must read up a bit more to win an action, and in deciding against him, both on his claim and a counter-claim, gave him useful advice on the wisdom of consulting a lawyer in future before bringing actions at law.

## "STRAGGLER," NOT A DESERTER.

When the Channel Fleet left the Tyne after three days' junketing H.M.S. Mars sailed a stoker short. This laggard, Leonard Frank Gaines, was brought up at Newcastle as a deserter, a charge he indignantly denied. He explained that not having been away from his ship seven days he could only be correctly designated a "straggler."

As he has been remanded for a week to await an escort the full seven days will probably have passed before he loses the defaulter's line on the quarter-deck of his battleship at Portland.

## JURORS TAKE THEIR TWO SHILLINGS.

Dr. Wynne Westcott seriously perturbed the peace of mind of a jury by the intimation that if they took the 2s. each provided by the London County Council they might be called upon by an officer to explain if they had lost money by attending.

The foreman prudently asked what the punishment would be if they could not prove they had lost money.

"Nothing," said the coroner.

"Then," replied the foreman, "we'll all take the money."

## WELSH WATER FOR SCOTCH WHISKY.

Birmingham publicans have freely petitioned the Corporation to immediately connect them with the new water supply from the Elan Valley.

This water has a peaty stain and flavour, and when used for diluting whisky adds a distinctive flavour, much relished by connoisseurs of genuine Scotch.

Its cheapness, as compared with Scotch whisky, adds to the anxiety of publicans to meet to the full the taste of their clients.

## OLD PIPE-HEADS AT FINCHLEY.

Labourers, while engaged in excavating in the Finchley district, have unearthed several old pipe-heads.

Such are said to be of the pattern in use in the mid-eighteenth century. They are thought to have belonged to General Wade's soldiers who, in 1745, were encamped in the vicinity in order to prevent the rebel Highlanders under Bonnie Prince Charlie from entering London.

## DISAPPEARED WHEN SHOPPING.

Another disappearing bride is reported from Edinburgh.

Previous to the wedding the bridegroom, who is an English officer's servant, forwarded his savings, amounting to £100, for the bride, an attendant in a tea-room, to make preparations for the fateful day.

She went out to do her shopping, and has not yet returned, so the ceremony is unavoidably postponed.

## KING'S REGARD FOR GENERAL WILLIAMS.

Among the messages of sympathy received by Mrs. Williams, wife of General Owen Williams, is the following one from his Majesty the King:—

"Balmoral.—Accept my deepest sympathy. I had the sincerest friendship and regard for Owen.—(Signed) Edward R."

After being stranded since Thursday on the west coast of Jutland, the London steamer Ness has been refloated.

Burglary shows a diminution as compared with other offences, said Sir Ralph Littler in opening the Middlesex Sessions.

On the ground that they create a danger to life and property it is sought to entirely prohibit outdoor religious meetings in Liverpool.

## JOHN O'GAUNT'S CASTLE.

Recent excavations have brought to light the foundations of this castle at Newcastle-under-Lyme, built about 1180.

For years all trace of the historic residence of John O'Gaunt had been lost, and great interest is being displayed in the discovery.

## STUCK TO THE UNION.

Cigar-makers in the employ of Messrs. Churchmans, of Ipswich, a branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company, have been called upon to decide between a three years' contract and their membership of the Cigar-makers' Union.

They have decided to join the strikers, and cease work next Saturday.

## SWEEP AWAY BY CURRENTS.

At an isolated spot amongst the rocks on Mumbles Head have been found the clothing and bicycle of a commercial traveller, Mr. E. N. Punnett, staying at Swansea.

The clothing contained a gold watch and £7 10s. in money, and it is supposed that while bathing Mr. Punnett was swept away by the currents, which run strongly at the spot.

## TO DEAL WITH TRAMPS.

In order to deal with the ever-increasing number of tramps, drastic steps are to be taken by South Wales guardians.

Mr. J. B. Morgan, chairman of the Aberystwyth Board, intends to hold a conference of representatives of the whole South Wales boards in order to make arrangements for more effectually dealing with this growing evil.

## WEDDING-RINGS TO BE BURIED.

Heretofore when married women passers died in the Constance-road Workhouse, Camberwell, their wedding-rings were taken off and became "anybody's" property.

The guardians have now, however, decided that for the future, where no near relative of the deceased claims the wedding-ring, it must be buried with the remains.

## BEYOND RELIEF.

At Warminster, yesterday morning, an old man named Jacob Feltham, aged seventy-three, who had come from Chitterne, some miles away, to apply for relief, fell dead almost immediately on quitting the presence of the board of guardians, by whom he had been granted 3s. a week.

Feltham had worked as a labourer on one farm nearly all his life.

## SECOND CLASS ABOLISHED.

Since years ago the Midland Railway startled the railway world by abolishing the second-class passenger, the innovation has gained but few adherents, and then mostly for long-distance express services.

This week, however, the Great Western will run first and third-class carriages only, on their local Monmouthshire lines.

## CHILD KILLED BY MOTOR.

At an inquest at Newbury on an eight-year-old boy named Edward Branch, who was run over by a motor, it was proved that the car was being slowly driven, and immediately stopped after the accident.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned, with an intimation that no blame attached to the chauffeur.

## OVERHEAD TRAM WIRES.

Although the underground conduit system for the electric tramways in South London has given general satisfaction, the London County Council propose to revert to the unsightly overhead system for Stepney.

The borough council are offering a strenuous opposition to this course, and desire the same treatment as other parts of London.

## 'BUS-DRIVER CYCLIST KILLED.

For an omnibus driver to be killed while riding a bicycle is a strange turn in the wheel of fate.

By name Charles Chant Taylor, of Balcon-street, South Hackney, he had gone to Southend with an excursion of the London General Omnibus Company, and lost control of the machine riding down a dangerous hill.

His widow described him as an expert cyclist.

## MOTOR CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

Dr. Edward Smallwood, M.D., in an article contributed to the "Car Magazine" for October, strongly advocates motoring as a positive cure for sleeplessness, and also as excellent for phthisis, for neurasthenia, and for all complaints of a consumptive nature.

It is a splendid tip for asthma, and a better cure than any yet devised for that very widespread disease, business worry.

## £5,000 TO HEAR A SPEECH.

## Great Hall Ready for Mr. Chamberlain at Luton.

The inhabitants of Luton are all agog about the great meeting to-morrow night, at which Mr. J. Chamberlain will address nearly 7,000 people in an immense hall built for the occasion.

The building of the hall has kept local gossip busy for weeks, and given employment to sixty Luton men, who will draw about £1,000 in wages.

The hall has cost nearly £5,000. It is 200ft. long by 150ft. broad.

Originally it was intended to hold 8,250 people—4,500 of them standing; but the Duke of Bedford changed this scheme. There are 1,600 reserved seats at prices ranging from 5s. to £2 2s., and 4,700 persons will be admitted free.

All round the interior the seats rise in tiers, and for admission to the back rows there are sixteen staircases.

To keep order 150 voluntary stewards have been drilling for days past.

A special train will leave London to-morrow morning at 10.15, returning after the meeting.

The hall, which is about one mile from the station, is lighted with incandescent gas. A special water supply has been laid on, and a corps of Fire Brigade men will be at hand for any emergency.

Thirty telegraph clerks and 100 reporters will convey Mr. Chamberlain's utterances to the Press of the world.

## HOUDINI REVEALS A SECRET.

## Shows How to Escape from a Screwed-Down Coffin.

Houdini, the hand-cuff king, has been appearing in a new character at Manchester. After performing wondrous tricks himself he has undertaken to show how another man's tricks are done.

The particular trick Houdini tackled was known as Carl Mysto's escape from an iron-bound coffin.

There was a crowded house at the Salford Regent Theatre to see Houdini reveal the secret of Mysto's gruesome act.

A coffin, said to be identical with that used by Mysto, was put upon the stage. Before getting into it, Houdini told the audience he was sorry to bring a coffin before them, but he hoped they should never again see a coffin used as an accessory to public amusement.

He then lay down in the box and the maker of it drove in six long screws. Pushing his hands through two holes in the lid, Houdini was securely manacled.

A screen was placed over the coffin, and in the space of two minutes Houdini appeared bowing and smiling in front of the footlights. Then he got into the coffin again, and in less than a minute his head issued through the top end panel.

The explanation was simple. Half an hour before the show began the screws which bound the panel to the sides were replaced by smaller ones that did not fasten the panel, which easily yielded to pressure from within.

When the trick was done behind the screen Houdini had time to replace the screws and panel and so complete the deception.

Previous to this Houdini had offered £300 to anybody who would get out of the coffin, if he were allowed to screw down the lid.

## BOB SAWYER IN TOWN.

## Hosts of Medical Students Return for Winter Studies.

Before the week is over London will have once again received its full complement of medical students.

At all the principal metropolitan hospitals the winter session commences this week, the opening days being duly observed by banquets, prize distributions, and other social functions of a highly enjoyable character.

Hundreds of budding medics have already reached the metropolis, and inquiries at the leading hospitals show that at least 500 more contemplate commencing their five years' course this term.

Instrument makers hail the return of the students with satisfaction. The opening of the session is to them something of the nature of a harvest, for each new student usually purchases a full complement of tools of his trade.

Sir Squire Bancroft, in the absence of Prince Francis of Teck, yesterday afternoon, at the opening of the seventieth winter session, distributed the prizes won during the past year by the students of the Middlesex Hospital Medical School.

Dr. F. J. Wethered, in an introductory address, said if embryo surgeons and physicians would pay more attention to athletic sports it would be of advantage to the community at large, and less would probably be heard about the physical degeneration of the race.

The continuance of some form of physical exercise after school-days had not been previously insisted upon by medical men.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

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 Offices of the Daily Mirror are at  
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## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1904

## FOOLISH—NOT IMMORAL.

THERE is no doubt that the engineers of East London made a mistake in tactics if they declined to accept Mr. Yarrow's offer of time and a quarter for night work upon an important shipbuilding contract. By holding out for time and a half (i.e., half as much again as day wages) they have sent the work elsewhere—that is, if Mr. Yarrow could really have got it, as his manager contends. At the beginning of a winter of exceptional distress they may have kept a quarter of a million of money out of the pockets of London working-men.\*

But, although they made this mistake in tactics, it is very unfair to blame them, as many people are doing, for trying to get as much money by their labour as they can. Isn't that what we are all doing? Why should working-men be expected to make themselves an exception to the general rule? It is foolish to lose a job by rating your own value too high, but it is not wicked, immoral, and disgraceful, as some critics of Yarrow's men appear to think.

The particular point these critics insist upon is that the working-man ought to delight in his work for its own sake. They denounce him for not taking an interest in anything but his pay and the shortening of his hours. But, as a matter of fact, is he permitted to take an interest in anything else?

In the days when a man was a shoemaker or a knifemaker or a boiler-maker, and really made shoes or knives or boilers, he could enjoy his work. It was a pleasure to him to turn out as good a boiler or knife or shoe as he possibly could.

Nowadays his case is very different. He is employed all day, and day after day, in the mechanical manufacture of some particular portion of a knife or a boiler or a shoe. It takes seventy men to turn out a knife, for instance, each doing some little bit of the work and knowing no more about knife-making as a whole than he does about conic sections or astronomy.

How can we blame men working under such conditions as these for concentrating their interest upon efforts to get the highest possible wages and the shortest possible hours? There is nothing else for them to be interested in.

## THE DECLINE OF THE CIRCUS.

It seems hard to believe that going to the circus was once a fashionable amusement in London. Nowadays circuses are looked upon merely as the sort of thing for the people of Little Pedlington or Sloucm-by-the-Sea. Yet there has just died a woman who made a great name as a circus-rider in London less than fifty years ago.

How is it that the "sawdust ring" has lost its fascination? Entertainments far feebler than circuses are still well patronised. The average music-hall performance is to many people a much less tolerable past-time than a good circus would be. We cannot flatter ourselves that we have lost interest in feats of horsemanship by growing more intelligent.

No, the change is due partly to the turn of fashion's wheel and partly to the fact that circuses did not advance with the times. The only one of late years that has had any great success is Buffalo Bill's, and that has succeeded because it is not upon the old lines. Popular amusements, like everything else, must either develop or die. Circuses did not develop. That is why they are dead.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We ought to treat books just like men—choose them with care, find out what they have got to say, and believe anything they tell us unless we can be true.—*Voltaire.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

FEW men, even in the present day, when the features of every celebrity are known to the general public through the illustrated papers, were better known than Sir William Harcourt, but this very fact sometimes led to confusion. Not long ago Mr. Chaplin was announced at a wedding by a groom of the chambers, who thought he knew him by sight, as "Sir William Vernon Harcourt." Mr. Chaplin groaned audibly: "This comes of illustrated papers."

"Lulu" Harcourt will never be a great man like his father, but he is what his father never was—

a man whom everybody loves for his gentle and considerate manners. He makes up for not being very "bravely" by possessing the most attractive and engaging personality in the House of Commons. "I can't stand Harcourt," said a Liberal once, meaning Sir William, "he uses such strong language when he disagrees with you. And, indeed, on one occasion in the House, he actually called Lord Randolph Churchill 'a little ass' in a whisper everyone could hear. But "Lulu" (which is short for Lewis) has never been rude to anyone. He has his father's real kindness of heart, and the outward expression of it as well.

## THE "FRIEND OF MAN" REVOLTS.



The Dog: I don't mind being the "friend of man," but if this is woman's idea of friendship, I'd sooner we were enemies.

[In America several silly women, known as "society leaders," gave a dog's dinner party and fed the wretched animals on ice cream, chocolates, and sugar cake.]

## THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

## "Last Day of the Season."

IT is not cold, out of the wind, and the sun shines now and then through a cloudy haze of silver-grey. So there are still a good many people sitting about at little tables having tea, and even a few on the sands, finding sheltered corners, or hiding themselves in huge wicker sentry-box chairs. But they soon get up and go, taking a last look round, and then pulling their wraps about them, and walking off quickly to keep warm in the chill air of late afternoon.

Now there is scarcely anyone left, and the little chairs and tables are being packed up by a horde of willing workers. Down on the beach, too, there is going on a general pulling-down of the tents and pulling-up of the bathing machines. The shanties where they sold sweets and milk are rapidly reduced to heaps of planks. The pier is being locked and padlocked. No one will go on it again this year.

For this has been the last day of the season, and for the next seven or eight months the huge hotels will be deserted, the trim villas have their shutters up, the long promenade echo only the footstep of the fishwife.

Good-bye, sea! Good-bye, sands! Good-bye, splendid stretch of sky! You belong to summer-time, and now the bony fingers of winter are already feeling for our luckless throats.

## A MAN OF THE HOUR.

## Mr. Harry Lehr.

IT was nominally his wife who gave the dogs' dinner party at Newport, but no one who knew them will doubt that it was he who really got it up. He here knave of doing offensively stupid things in a blatant, well-advertised way.

One of his very earliest feats was to arrange that a well-known woman should paddle in one of the public fountains of New York. Then he trained a monkey to imitate the habits of man. Some people said this was only returning a compliment, since he himself had so long copied the habits of the monkey tribe.

Mr. Lehr is very fond of dressing-up—quite as fond of it as are his monkey-friends. He often paints his face and pretends to be a ballet-girl. Once he appeared in such a disgusting state at a "tramp dinner" (where all the guests were put up as road-cadgers) that a New York newspaper said "no one would ever have dreamed he was a gentleman." Some people said they never had.

When other pastimes grow stale, Mr. Lehr can always be counted upon to amuse by capering about on all fours and barking like a dog.

He is a bright specimen of a fashionable American. Yet there are some of his fellow-countrymen who actually refuse to be proud of him. Strange, but true.

King Oscar of Sweden, of whom Mr. Adolf Beck has been saying such nice things to an interviewer, is an exceedingly popular sovereign. He has plenty of dignity for state occasions, but knows well when to lay it aside. On one occasion M. Gaston Bonnier, the great French botanist, was botanising near Stockholm and met a tall old man similarly engaged.

The two got on very well together, and, lunch time arriving, the Frenchman asked his companion if he knew of an inn. "Come and lunch with me," was the reply. M. Bonnier accepted, and presently found himself before the royal palace. "I am so sorry," said the unknown botanist, "but I happen to be the King of this country, and this is the only place in which I am able to receive my guests. Won't you come?"

King Oscar is described as a financial genius by statesmen, and he certainly does know how to make money. He buys up slums in Stockholm, which are afterwards redeemed by the Government for the creation of new streets or parks. He is also at the head of many business concerns, notably hotels and breweries, and he is never afraid to recommend the various firms to his courtiers.

His consort, Queen Sophia, never appears at Court. Her health is delicate, and her ideas of decorum are more than rigid. She is even said to be highly republican in her ideas. Works of charity and pious meditation take up her whole time. Her second son, Prince Oscar, is so steeped in her ideas that he preaches publicly at meetings of the Salvation Army.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert is becoming quite Anglicised. Her latest scheme is to appear in America as an English musical comedy. Since her operation of a few years ago she is no longer the same person. In the old days she was a thin, witch-like person, always dressed in white, and her songs were often of the sort which the modern girl does not like her mother to hear. Now she has grown quite stout and serious, and her songs are even more serious than herself.

Recreations she has none, or rather, what she has are part of her work. Her songs, writing, and reading take up all her time, and she writes nearly all her own songs. An extraordinary fondness for tea is her most marked peculiarity. She drinks as much as two English women. She would probably cycle, but whenever she does so in Paris it gives such trouble to the police authorities to keep the crowds in order that she abstains.

The "Grand Old Men" of the English and American stages will make their farewell bows very close together, for it seems to be quite true that Joseph Jefferson is as determined as our own "Sir Henry" to retire within the next year or so. Jefferson is much the older man. He was born in 1829, and has always worked so hard that it is wonderful he should still be so active in body and mind. He never found acting an easy way of making a living. He always had to rehearse a very great deal, and he used to put an immense amount of energy into his efforts to make a character his own.

Once when he was in lodgings in London, studying his great part, Rip van Winkle, before a mirror, the servant of the house knocked at the door. He took off his false wig and heard quickly and opened the door. "If you please, sir," said the maid, "there's a lot of people outside who say they can see an old man in your room a-throwing his arms about and a-going on something awful." The actor had forgotten to pull the blinds down, and his impassioned accents, as he recited his speeches, had collected quite a little crowd. Jefferson found hard work pay very well, though, for he made more money by acting than any other player of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., who has been championing the cause of the British working-man against the Rev. R. J. Campbell, knows what he is talking about, for it is not so many years ago since he was working on the Great Western Railway as a guard. From guard he took a position in the Railway Servants' Union, and rose to be general secretary, later being elected to Parliament for that essentially railway town, Derby. He is not much over forty, and has already earned the full confidence of railway men, and he has his fellow-members in the House, who have not been slow to recognise his sincerity and keen business ability.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

"This is the nearest way to the village, isn't it?"

"Ay—the other's two public-houses longer."

"Meggendorfer Blatter," Munich.

"Have you had any experience with a motor-car?"

"No, but I was once a passenger on a train that tried to pass another on the same track."

"New York Herald."

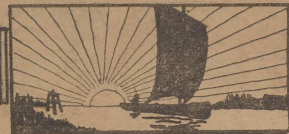
The decorator had just made his estimate.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the householder, "you go ahead and decorate the house, and then I'll give it to you in payment of your bill."

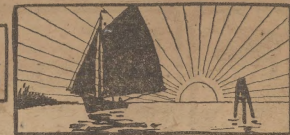
"No," replied the decorator, "I couldn't afford to take the house for more than half payment."

"Chicago Post."

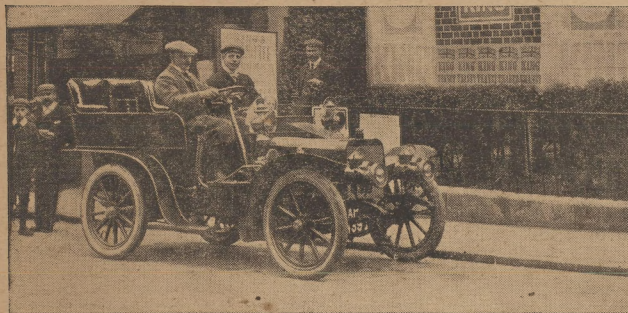




# 'MIRROR' CAMERACRAPHS



## ISLE OF THANET ELECTION CONTEST.

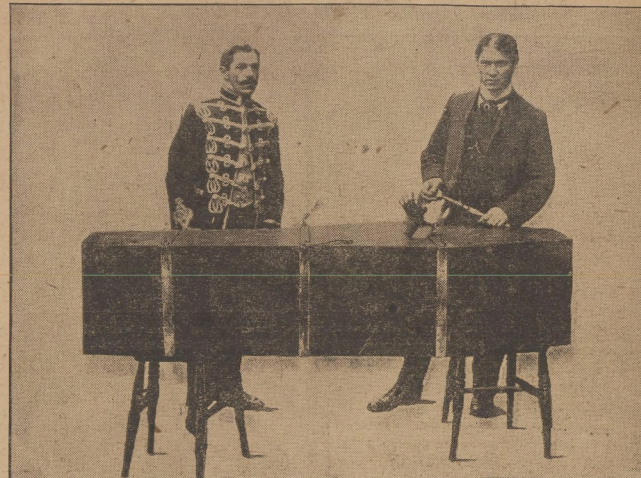


Mr. King, the Liberal candidate, about to start on a round of the constituency on his motor-car from his committee rooms in High-street, Ramsgate.—(Carpenter.)

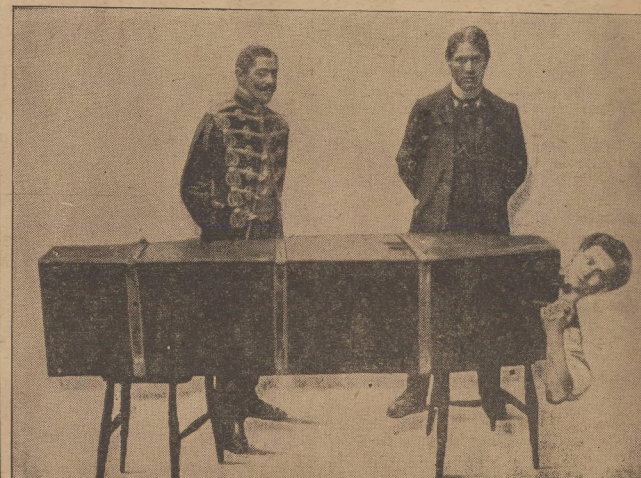


Mr. H. H. Marks, the Unionist candidate's committee rooms, which are only situated a few doors distant from Mr. King's electioneering headquarters at Ramsgate, and some of his chief supporters.

## HOUDINI AND THE COFFIN TRICK.



Carl Myro has been creating some sensation at a Manchester theatre, where he nightly escaped from an iron-bound coffin. Houdini, the Handcuff King, now shows how the trick is done. In the above picture Houdini is being screwed down.



Here he is seen making his escape. Note the small screw-driver in his hand.—(See page 6.)

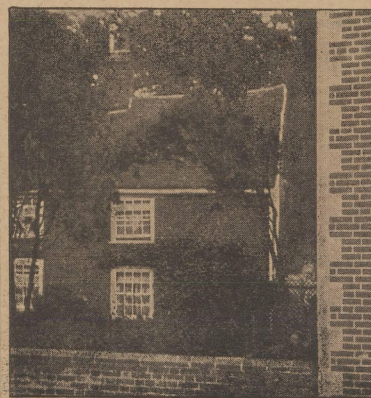
## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Marie Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, a niece of the Marquis of Ormonde, and Captain Harold Walker, of the 1st Life Guards, who are to be married at St. George's, Hanover-square, to-day. (Lafayette.)



## IS THIS YOUR HOUSE?



The tenant of this house will be awarded a prize of £2 2s. if he applies to the "Daily Mirror" within a week proving his tenancy.

## "THE GOLDEN LIGHT."



Mrs. Brown-Potter, in "The Golden Light," performing on the stage of the Savoy Theatre.—(Stage 1.)





# News · in · Negatives



JAPANESE IN THE KAO-LING.



...troops moving through the kao-ling (millet), which grows to a height of 14ft. Hidden this, they shot hundreds of Russians during the retreat from Liao-yang. — (Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

RUSSIANS IN RETREAT WITH THEIR CUMBERSOME WEAPONS.



Russians dragging a siege gun in the retreat to Mukden.

"DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



...ich,

Entered by Baroness Stern, of 26, Prince's-gate, S.W.

KUROPATKIN AT MUKDEN.



General Kuropatkin, with some of his Staff, in the Imperial-Cemetery at Mukden. The grinning Chinaman is General Ma.

JAPANESE HELPING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN.



Wounded Russians being escorted from the battlefield by Japanese. Note the first Russian is being supported on his left by a Japanese, whilst his comrades are able to get along with the aid of sticks.







Our New Serial.

You can begin this Story To-day.

## TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

"We may evade the watchful gaze of the Living, but the invisible eyes of the Dead are upon us all, eternally."—Montaigne.

## WHAT PREVIOUS CHAPTERS CONTAINED.

Robert Ferris and his cousin and junior, Stephen Latham, are partners in an old firm of solicitors. Latham—who is a handsome, reckless, and rather dissipated young fellow—betrays the fact that he has, as usual, been betting heavily and losing.

Then Robert Ferris tells him that the firm is ruined and bankrupt, and mutual reproaches occur, for it becomes evident that Robert Ferris himself has been plunging most desperately on the Stock Exchange. He confesses that he has misappropriated the great sum of £30,000, the property of Hilda Maxwell, a young girl, and an orphan, whose legal affairs have been in the hands of the firm. Latham, too late, is overwhelmed by shame and remorse, especially as Robert Ferris reveals to him that he, Ferris, and Hilda have secretly given their whole love to each other. The matter is complicated by the fact that a Hindoo, one Hushmat Bismar, who is the guardian of Hilda—appointed by her father, who has been an almost fanatical Orientalist—is almost immediately expected to call and demand an account of the firm's stewardship.

Then Latham makes the startling proposition that if Ferris will at once find the sum of £3,000 here, Latham will abscond and will affect to commit suicide. It is hoped by this means that all the blame may be taken off the shoulders of Ferris whilst it is shifted wholly upon the absconder, Latham. The plan is carried out, and we then find Ferris at Latham's private rooms destroying his partner's papers and so on. He finds on the bed a revolver bearing Latham's initials, as though Latham had contemplated suicide. Just then the bell of the outer door rings, and Ferris hastily pockets the revolver.

The newcomer is Hushmat Bismar, the Hindoo, who forces himself in and persists in mistaking Ferris for Latham. After mutual recriminations Ferris strikes the Hindoo, and the two begin a life and death struggle, during which the Hindoo produces a murderous knife. Almost in self-defence Ferris uses the revolver, and Hushmat Bismar falls dead. Ferris at once makes a rush to the residence of Hilda Maxwell, thinking that by doing so he can always prove an alibi, and he calculates that, as the murder took place at Latham's rooms, the latter will be blamed, especially as the revolver has been left by the dead body.

After an interview with Hilda, Ferris is at his own chambers, and here he is unexpectedly joined by one Mrs. Raycroft, a beautiful adventuress. She forces the secret of the murder from him, and then he learns that it was she who, thinking herself discredited, had, under the name of "Vashti, the Supplanted," betrayed the shakiness of the firm to the Hindoo. She offers Ferris wealth if he will leave England with her, and Ferris, whilst declining this, is just assuring her of his continued love, when Hilda Maxwell stands in the doorway crying, "Robert, please tell this woman that—that I am your wife!"

Hilda faints, and during her period of unconsciousness Mrs. Raycroft turns upon Ferris. She demands that he shall purchase her silence, and she threatens that in the future it is war to the knife between them. Ferris is left alone with Hilda, and he forces some narcotic drug in a liquid form between her teeth, for he has resolved that he will quietly smuggle her home and afterwards persuade her that the whole scene has been but an ugly dream that she has had.

Latham takes the boat that crosses to France. The night is a stormy one, and, as Latham is contemplating a moody-looking stranger, this man makes a sudden leap overboard. To save him is impossible; but, during the confusion caused by his terrible act, Latham resolves that he will claim the dead man's luggage and let the authorities believe that the man who has cast himself into the raging waters is himself, Latham. This change of identities is effected, and Latham goes on to Paris. Buying a newspaper, he is horrified to read an account of the murder at his own chambers, and to learn that he himself is branded as the murderer's eye.

Latham, frightened and horrified, fancies that almost every passer-by recognises in him Stephen Latham—and a murderer. He seeks a somewhat humble hotel. In the quiet of his attic he begins to examine the portmanteau of the man who threw himself overboard from the Channel boat, and which he, Latham, had claimed instead of his own luggage.

Then he finds, enclosed in a roll of green silk, a shivelled human finger, upon which is a plain gold wedding-ring. Besides this there is a large envelope, and in this a neatly-written document, couched in such terms as only an Oriental could employ, and plainly conveying some threat or warning to the person to whom it may have been addressed. Latham's consternation and horror are increased when he finds that the very envelope associated with these gruesome things has plainly marked upon the gummed flap the name of his own late firm—"Ferris and Latham, Bedford-row, W.C." Latham determines to go back to London to seek his late partner, and to have a full explanation as to the reported murder.

Although Mrs. Raycroft has received the sum of money which she had named to Ferris as the first instalment of the blackmail she means to extort from him, she yet writes to Hilda setting forth the relations which have subsisted between herself and Ferris. Then she writes to Ferris, telling him that she has done this, and when

he, in an agony, seeks out Hilda, he finds that she has in a hurry left her home, giving no new address. He is staggering under this blow when he sees a newspaper placard bearing these words:—"Suicide of the Graven-street murderer. Body lost in the Channel."

Hilda calls upon Mrs. Raycroft, and this woman taunts her with Ferris's falsity, displaying a great heap of jewels bought for herself—Mrs. Raycroft—with Hilda's money, the trust-money diverted by Ferris. Myra Raycroft tells the full story of Ferris's infamy, and more than hints that he is the murderer of Hushmat Bismar. The interview of the two women is interrupted by the announcement of a visitor—Mr. Robert Ferris.

Hilda is concealed in an anteroom, and the door not being completely shut, she hears Ferris alternately curse Myra, cajole her, and then refer slyly to his easy conquest over herself—Hilda. Latham, unexpectedly calls upon Ferris at the rooms of the latter. He intends giving himself up to the police; but, after an angry meeting with Ferris—who mocks him—he is restrained by learning the fact that Hilda—who has wholly disappeared—is actually the wife of Ferris. Just as Latham, alone, is opening the outer door of the rooms, he is confronted by a tall, mysterious, turbaned figure—that of an Oriental.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## The Man with the Green Turban.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Stephen, beneath his breath. His nerves, which had twittered from the excitement of his interview with Ferris and the jar of his fall, were still, as by magic, at the sight of this motionless figure. His thoughts rushed instantly to Ferris and the man that he had killed. A warm, protective instinct towards Hilda sprang up in his heart, for he felt that the presence of this fantastically attired individual could bode no good. Like Joram of old, he asked himself, "Is it peace?" And reason told him that men of this race do not usually come on peaceful errands at such an hour. It was now long past two in the morning.

He hastily turned up the solitary gas jet which in the night time replaced electricity on the staircase. As he did so the stranger entered the hall and closed the door noiselessly behind him. "What has the mischief done you want?" asked Latham. "Can't you see that this is a private house?" He wondered, as he spoke, how on earth the man had gained admittance, for Benson, the caretaker, who lived with his wife in the basement, was one of the most conscientious men in the world, and the safety of the property under his care was his fetish to him.

In the gaslight Stephen could now see the unwelcome visitor very clearly. His eyes took in every detail of the sashed tunic of white jean, the loose trousers, the handsome, impassive face, with its curly, forked beard, beneath a turban of the green hee-forked. This hated colour of the turban was his dominant feature, but it was not till later that he remembered why this was so.

"Yes," replied the man, speaking English a little haltingly, "we know this house and those who live in it only too well." He came a little closer to Stephen, and laid a slim, brown hand on his arm. "You also know, and this concerning you, that this outside there is my eye."

"What do you mean?" asked Stephen testily. He had all the large and ignorant contempt of certain phases of British manhood for coloured peoples. Indeed, for Ferris's act he had a certain sneaking sympathy; the life of a native was a thing of little account with him, and the brute had come to browbeat a white man. But the act had been treacherously done and concealed—that stuck in his throat.

He shook the hand off his arm. "I mean," said the Indian, in a slow, penetrating whisper, "that your police believe not the false so ingeniously presented. They know, so say they, the character of Hushmat Bismar, and they know, moreover, that he is even now within this house."

"The deuce they do," was the mental comment. Aloud Latham merely said, "Ah, do they? I am glad to hear it."

"Of a surety," thought the Indian, "they are possessed of devils, these English." And he crooked the fingers of his right hand, as one who would sweep the evil eye.

"I suppose this interesting information is intended for Mr. Ferris," continued Stephen pleasantly. "I shall see that he hears it at a convenient time. In the meanwhile, having delivered your message, don't you think you'd better go? I am anxious to shut up the house for my friend as I have."

He spoke as he might have spoken to the inquisitive child of a neighbour, who, slipping away from its guardians, has run next door to pay an impromptu visit. Yet he was very far from feeling the sangfroid he displayed. Whatever had been his resolves and intentions, when he hurried hot-haste back to England, or waited for Robert Ferris

in the stillness of the room upstairs, it is certain that his mind was further from his desires now than a collision with the police.

He took out a cigarette and lighted it with deliberation. His mind was working rapidly. What would best serve the man who was Hilda's husband—surrender or flight?

The Indian made a quick gesture of deprecation.

"You understand not," he said, still in that penetrating whisper. "You see not the danger. Are not you the man, Stephen Latham, against whom the dogs of suspicion have been unleashed? Already, even now, the police lie in ambush for you; and soldiers lay an ambush round a city, so they set in ambush round this house. One step and"—he made a significant gesture with his little hands, and to Stephen it seemed as though they held a rope.

"And you?" he asked, startled out of his composure. "How do you know this, and why have you come here to tell it?"

The man suddenly saluted. "The master whom I serve," he said, "is all-wise. His eyes are far-seeing, even as the eyes of an eagle; they discriminate between the innocent and the guilty. He sent me as your saviour."

"Who is your master?" Latham asked.

The man saluted again.

"One who knows your innocence," he said. "See, look you, I speak in the confidence of my master, and he knows all things—the man whose hands are bloodstained, and of you, also, that your eyes are white, as the fleece of newly-washed ewes. He desires to save you for the greater confounding of the guilty. Outside the horses, a carriage, a disguise. Again the man laid his hand on Latham's arm, and this time it was not thrown off. "You will trust yourself to me?" The dark face was thrust very near his own, the halting voice took on a wheedling tone.

The boy hesitated. As he had stumbled out from Ferris's presence, he could have sworn that life held not one boon at which he cared to snatch. Yet, when this man spoke of danger, the air seemed alive with voices, which spoke of the delight of life. Why should this man lie? Looking at it sanely, was it to be wondered at that the police should desire to swallow the story of his suicide? The trick was a fairly stale one by now. He saw the tightening of the net about his feet. Once in the hands of the police he could never escape, because for Hilda's sake he never dare clear his name. No, there was nothing before him but death, death encompassed by weeks of waiting torture, by public opinion. He cursed Ferris and all his acts impulsively in his heart.

"It grows late," said the man. "Even now we may be challenged." As he spoke his grip tightened on Latham's wrist, and the boy felt a spasm akin to terror in his heart, for outside, in the stillness of the street, came a sound, the sound of heavy feet, clad in those regulation boots, which seem, as it were, a Government-provided burglar-alarm, the tramp of a policeman passing on his beat. "Jove! but it was an ignoble thing that the tread of the friendly officer should have the power to disturb the brain from his heart, thought Latham, with keen self-contempt. He stood irresolute; instinctive distrust of the Oriental mind and the desire of self-preservation struggling together within him. He wrenched himself free.

"If your story is true," he said doubtfully, "I may perhaps go with you. But in any case I must see Mr. Raycroft first. Will you come upstairs?"

Of a sudden he almost longed for the sight of the man he had cursed but a moment before. He turned with the purpose of mounting the stair, and as the Indian realised his intention he sprang upon him with a snarl of rage.

Latham, attacked from behind, was barely conscious of the griping soft and of a penetrating odour brushed his face, that the staircase, the flickering light were blotted out, and that he was surrounded by darkness full of a rushing sound, which he dimly knew was the beating of the blood in his ears. He struck out madly with his hands. He was gullible, fool that he was. Tricked, like some quillup girl.

And now he was falling, falling, falling surely this was space . . . the end of all things. He felt the rush of many wings, the wings of evil birds, birds that waited to devour him . . . but he outstripped them in the speed of his fall. This was death, this feeling of unutterable peace, the stillness following the storm. And death was released. Hilda . . . in his darkness a pale light was born, flickered, and died . . .

When Stephen's senses returned to him, his first conscious sensation was one of racking pain in his temples, his first impression that of light, so blinding and intense that it pained his eyeballs through his closed lids. He stirred, still vaguely drowsy, and would have risen had not his hand touched the floor, but he refused to answer the impulse of his brain. For a moment there crept through his drugged, dazed mind the horrible fear that he was the victim of some cataleptic trance, for it seemed to him that he remembered the pangs of what he had believed to be death. Was he to lie, then, alive in death, and see his preparations for his burial go forward. He opened his eyes, and closed them hastily; the light struck them like a knife. He tried to turn his head away, but it, too, refused his bidding, and the horrible thought passing through his mind again, brought other fears with it, that he was indeed dead, and that this was the beginning of the torture of the damned. For the minutes he spent using childish words he had not uttered since those days when he knelt at his dead mother's knee; they flowed easily enough and gave him some vague relief; surely you could not pray in hell. And still the light ate into his eyeballs with an ever-increasing pain; he felt he should go mad unless relief came. He tried to moisten his parched lips with his tongue, but it was like parching within

his mouth, and the exertion of moving it brought out a dew of perspiration on his brow. He groaned aloud; the sound rang hollow in his ears, yet with a blessed assurance. Whatever this terrible lethargy, this paralysis which chained his limbs, he could yet make articulate sounds, . . . out aloud for help.

Suddenly, at the sound of his groans, it seemed to him that the place in which he lay was plunged in darkness. This change was in itself almost a pain, yet a pain which had in it something of healing. Gradually the aching of his eyes abated, he opened them, and as they became accustomed to this new condition he saw that he was now surrounded by a greenish light, similar to that of a strange light born of the grey of dawn, which precedes the rosy breaking of the day. He made out in this twilight the nearness of figures, monstrous they seemed at first, strange and uncouth as those "trees walking" seen of old by the man of Bethesda, but resolving themselves gradually into the actuality of white-clad, stalwart, turbaned men.

The sight of them cleared Stephen's memory as a north wind clears a landscape of mist; he remembered now all that had happened, his interview with Ferris, the slip on the stairs, the green-turbaned messenger, and, accompanying this awakening of memory came a fear so poignant that it made him realise that he was at that moment he had not known the meaning of the word terror, the terror which sends the cold wave down the tingling nerve, the fear of the vast and hovering—the unknown.

He uttered a cry and struggled mightily, so it seemed to him, to move, and at that cry the green light faded, and darkness, which pressed down upon him like a pall, and lifted, showing him as in a dream, vaguely a large room hung about with many draperies, and immediately in front of him a curtained partition before which hung strangely shaped lamps.

"Where am I? Why am I here?" he heard his voice ask, as from a distance.

"Ah, he speaks," said one man to another; "the light of reason returns to him." He moved forward to the place where Stephen lay upon a wooden couch, and bent over him. His companion followed.

Stephen articulated his question in different words, with pain and difficulty. "Why have you brought me here? What do you want?"

The man looked down at him; his lips curled back in the travesty of a smile, but there was no accompanying gleam in the fine eyes, no contraction of the hundred little lines which surrounded them. He answered Latham in perfect English, perfectly enunciated, and with a certain sweetness.

"We have brought you here, my friend," he said, "because it is not the custom of our race to bury our dead unavenged. What we require of you is satisfaction for the martyrdom of the murdered Hushmat Bismar."

"What I know of Bismar?" said Stephen with difficulty. "I have decoyed me here."

The man smiled again. "In your language you have a proverb, 'All is fair in love and war';" he said; "this is war, Mr. Latham."

Stephen muttered a curse.

The man who bent over him straightened his back, and turning to his companion, addressed some rapid sentence to him in a language Stephen could not understand. In an instant the place was once more flooded with that blinding light, once more Latham's eyes were assailed with that intolerable pain.

"Breathless in its all-absorbing interests"—that is the only phrase which can adequately describe the fascinating development contained in the instalment of this remarkable story which appears to-morrow.

## THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

OUR GREAT AUTUMN SALE NOW ON. GREAT DISPLAY OF BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

OUR NEW AND HANDSOME PREMISES ARE NOW COMPLETED.

MAGNIFICENT NEW SHOWROOMS for Calicoes, Silks, Millinery, Flowers, Feathers, Ladies' and Children's Under-clothing, Outfittings, Boots and Shoes, Foreign Fancy Goods, etc. Most of the above are completely New Departments or wherein much larger space allotted and stocks are held than we did formerly.

OUR CUSTOMERS will find we have made great preparations for the Sale. All Departments are full of Special Purchases, much below current prices.

SILK VELVETS—Another great delivery, and the last of those warranted to be genuine. 2500 yds. of Black and Shading, on sale at 1s. 4½d.; usual price, 1s. 11d.

FANCY YARN DYED FANCY STAPLES. AND CHECKED JAPANESE SILKS; wonderful value from 6½d. per yard.

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RICH HANDSOME BROCADED SILKS—A Great Display of beautiful goods at 2s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 4½d., 2s. 2½d., 2s. 1½d., and 6s. 11½d. per yard. Quite half their usual prices.

RICH ALL SILK DUCRENE SATINS, in five good colours, 25-inch, 1s. 11½d.; 25-inch, 1s. 11½d.

BEAUTIFUL TRANSPARENT LACE STRIPED SILKS, in light colours, 10,000 yds. on sale, at 2s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 4½d., 2s. 2½d., 2s. 1½d., and 6s. 11½d.

ORIENTAL SILK SATINS in 3 qualities. Every new shade for evening wear, 25-inch, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 2½d., and 1s. 1½d.

BLACK, PLAIN, and BROCHE SILKS—Special Bargain at greatly reduced prices.

Our Circular, giving full list of Bargains, is sent post free on application.

Patterns Post Free.

SAMUEL LEWIS AND CO., 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.



# THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE—HOW THE FAMILY MAY HELP.

## EVE OF AN ENGAGEMENT.

### AID RENDERED TO THE GIRL IN LOVE.

Do girls receive assistance in their love-making, apart from that which shy, drooping lashes and coy, upturned glances are supposed to give? Yes, in many ways.

There is the mother, for instance. She assists, and very materially too, as everyone can testify. No one can arrange such nice little meetings as she, no one can show so unmistakably, yet withal so cunningly, that she understands the wooer's motives of constant attention, and that she expects him henceforth to act as a man.

### She Describes the More Flirt.

Woe be to the suitor who benefits not under her tuition. She can describe a flirt sooner than her daughter, and shows herself most severe if a man appears who loves and rides away. But after the engagement is announced she ceases to develop any plans for the satisfactory advancement of love matters. In some instances she deteriorates sadly, and actually goes back on her previous efforts.

Then she earns for herself the enviable title of a "meddlesome mother," and eventually the high-sounding one of "mother-in-law," with a stress on the last two words.

The girl's father is pressed into service, likewise. If not so much in evidence as mamma, he is an acknowledged "aider and abettor" in his daughter's affaire de cœur.

He has a nice way of drawing a possible suitor out, and chatting in a confidential manner, succeeding during the tête-à-tête in gleaming sufficient information to set all fears at rest respecting future prospects and present circumstances.

Not that he goes pointblank about this business. Some fathers are born detectives, and extract these minor details in a manner wonderful and fearful to contemplate; yes, before the smitten swain is aware of any such intentions.

He does it innocently, too, and deserves for his cleverness not to be called a "spy."

### Fathers as Match-Makers.

There are people who declare papa to be guilty of match-making pure and simple, loading him with the honour (?) of being more expert at the art than the most anxious mothers. Perhaps he is not always so ambitious in a monetary sense as mamma, though a superfluous abundance of this world's wealth is by no means a fault in his paternal eye.

A girl's brother renders valuable service. But pray do not run away with the idea that the "small boy" is here intended.

Oh! no; those little good-for-nothings should be rigorously excluded from all plans concerning love and lovers.

It is the young man of the house to whom I allude.

He is very useful in many ways. He knows just when to leave the lover and his lass in their own sweet company. He can find out a hundred-and-one things in connection with the lover-that-is-to-be, and his sister may rest satisfied that his verdict of the ardent worshipper at beauty's shrine is a

genuine one, not exaggerated either one way or the other.

He will cultivate the man's acquaintance, which is advantageous, as the suitor's private character will then reveal itself.

For, although any faults would soon show up of themselves, if the young couple agreed to an engagement, lovers are naturally deceitful in wishing to appear better than is truly the case; therefore, it is well to know something of one who aspires to so lofty a position, even if a little scheming is resorted to as a means to an end.

## EPITOME OF BEAUTY.

### A PRETTY WOMAN'S CODE.

In the fact that she desires to be beautiful is found sufficient excuse for the pleasant task of keeping herself dainty, graceful, and scrupulously clean.

By taking her morning bath she feels that she begins the day properly. She banishes drowsi-

## PLEASANT SHOPPING.

### WHERE TO SPEND A PROFITABLE HOUR.

Novelties in bargains and bargains in novelties are not usually synonymous, but they are coming perilously near to being so. The first aim of a West End firm is to attract the passer-by by means of an alluring window display.

Passers-by this week are not only attracted, but positively drawn inside by the ingenious devices of Gooch's Stores, in the Brompton-road. A window full of charming little novelties, royal-red glove and handkerchief-boxes, silver-mounted cut-glass flower vases, Chippendale backed gilt hand-mirrors, hairpin boxes, letter racks, delightful little cameo miniatures, photo frames of multitudinous designs, only form a tithe of the oddments so dear to the feminine fancy.

Everything in the window is ticketed at a figure no less attractive—*à la* choix. Of course, there

snow-white underclothing at equally perplexing low prices. Dressing-gowns and jackets stood about yearning for shoulders to rest upon. The first floor is the home of tailor-made costumes. The gentlemen's tailoring and hat departments are only of secondary interest to lady readers, but they will amply repay a little attention from fathers, husbands, or brothers.

The whole furnishing and decorating of the place is bright and comfortable, and lends a restful air of prosperity.

Remember the advice given on the *Mirror* Gala Day at the Crystal Palace all who go to this treasure house—don't push, don't crush, there's room for everybody.

## BRIEF REMARKS.

Whalebone petticoats are being very much used.

Low shoes that button over at the sides have been reintroduced of late.

Tangerine is one of the new popular shades. It is the hue of an orange.

Fringed bias taffetas ruches are made into charming flat boas for evening wear.

A fancy has displayed itself for capes and three-quarter coats in large check tweeds.

Walking skirts that just touch the ground do not look well with long and tight-fitting jackets.

Broadtail velvet, which is really crushed velvet, is one of the coming materials for outer wraps.

Old-fashioned lavender silk, which brides of half a century ago were wont to revel in, is again becoming fashionable.

Tartan tweeds are quite the latest for autumn tailor-made gowns in blue and green, brown and yellow, and check mixtures.

The owner of even a bit of real lace is nowadays making the most of her possession, for scarcely any costume is seen without some lace decoration.

A lace handkerchief makes an excellent jabot by being folded cornerwise, with the upper point turned so as to fall a little above the under one.

White, putty colour, and pale grey cloths make the smartest coats; and white cloth with a faint tinge of palest blue known as zinc-white is extremely fashionable. Touches of colour are often admitted in the narrow cuffs and revers.

A prevailing autumnal fashion are the closely-fitting waistcoats. They are seen in delicately-embroidered muslins and cambrics, and as the season advances silk and brocade will be seen in conjunction with smart little cutaway coats.

## A FOOD CURE.

### By the Scientific Food Grape-Nuts.

There is a lot of sweetness and happiness in this old world of ours if we but keep our health in harmony to respond to it.

What enjoyment is there in life when one is racked with pain, and the delicate nerves of the stomach and other parts of the body are all of a jangle?

We can best keep our health in proper tune by watching carefully the diet, and selecting foods which make rich red blood, and furnish the brain and nerves with their proper nourishment.

The remarkable food Grape-Nuts is easy of digestion, full of nourishment, and furnishes to such a marked degree the phosphate of potash, which combines with albumen to make food for the brain and nerves, those delicate tissues which penetrate every part of the body. By its use many are restored to health who have tried without success other foods and drugs.

An extreme case and wonderful recovery is described in a letter from a woman living in Norwich. She says:—

"Nine years ago next November, I nearly lost my life through an ulcer on the stomach. I vomited nearly all the blood from my body, and lay at death's door for weeks, kept alive by sips of diluted milk (my stomach would not hold undiluted milk), and —'s essence. For five years following I dragged along somehow, when I was taken ill again and lay in bed three months from gastric ulcers. This illness left my stomach in a worse condition than before. I lived somehow, and worked as well as I could. I changed my employment and went in the sales department of a shop, but I could not manage that, the standing was too great a strain, so I took to dressmaking again, trying more than I earned to doctors, and living on milk foods."

"I then heard of Grape-Nuts, and after a dreadful attack of pain and living without anything solid, I tried some Grape-Nuts for my breakfast, a teaspoonful with some luke-warm milk, and wonderful to even think about it, it caused me no pain, and by degrees I began to alter. I have taken it ever since, and have not had such a good summer for nine years. I have tried all the digestive breads which have come under my notice, but could digest none of them."

"I am wonderfully well considering what I have gone through and suffered, and my case is far worse than the ordinary indigestion. You may know how thankful I am to have found a food that I can digest, and that is building up my strength and nerves. I can scarcely say enough about it."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.



Two vogues in tailor-made toilettes are now to be seen in Paris—the picturesque and the essentially simple. The second is the smarter fashion, and is illustrated above. The whole costume is carried out in the new colour, *coq de roche*, a reddish brown, worn with a black tie and black velvet hat, plumed with the colours. The skirt and coat are equally simple in design, but beautifully cut. Its back view the picture also reveals.

ness from her eyes, brings colour to her cheeks, feels deliciously refreshed, and has the satisfaction of knowing that she is truly well-groomed.

She eats such foods as best keep the various digestive organs in good working order, avoiding the delectable pastries that create a yellow, sallow skin and dull, listless eyes, and preferring plenty of fresh fruit. She drinks a great deal of pure water to help to clear, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

At night there is a little facial rubbing that is never neglected. She cleanses away all the dust and grime that adheres to the surface of the skin by washing her countenance well with warm water and oatmeal, after which she rinses it in cold water, dries it gently with a piece of old linen, and applies a good skin food to her face. This takes the form of pure cold cream or almond oil.

The revived fashion for mounting precious stones in an invisible setting is illustrated by sets of safety-pins, each encrusted with a different stone arranged in rows.

is an ulterior object: Messrs. Gooch's have just rebuilt their premises, and yesterday opened two new departments—one for fancy goods and one for ladies' underclothing. The bargains in the underclothing department are no less surprising than at the fancy counter; but, alas! the new stock as it stands is to be sold out just to introduce the goods, so that there are crowds of eager visitors, and before the end of the week Aladdin's dazzling treasures will have disappeared.

The premises themselves have been vastly improved in the rebuilding. Each department is at right-angles to the street, and has its own entrance. First comes the boot and shoe department; with an excellent stock of footwear of all descriptions. Next follow the two new departments: the fancy department needs no further comment. The underclothing department is most tastefully arranged and decorated, but its contents are still more smart.

Silk moirette undershirts, flounces, tucks, frills in tangerine and all the latest shades at 13s. 11d., and black silk moirette, accordion-pleated, at 14s. 11d. and 10s. 11d., stood out as a perplexing background of colour behind mountains of billowy

A breakfast appetite comes every time with

# Force

served toasted hot with the bacon. Try it to-morrow.

**WOOD-MILNE**  
REVOLVING HEEL PADS

Make Worn Down Heels Impossible.

A Wonderful Remedy  
for Liver Complaint.

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# SCOTT'S

# PILLS

The Best Cure for INDIGESTION,  
WIND, NERVOUS DEPRESSION,  
GIDDINESS and LOSS of APPETITE

The Safest Family Medicine







MONDAY RACING AT COLWICK PARK.

Pretty Polly's Journey to France—Imari's Running in the Nottingham Handicap.

NOTES AND SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

Mr. W. Low's Imari, a horse backed at long prices to win a lot of money in the Cesarewitch, ran a public trial yesterday in the Nottingham Handicap, and at the end of this mile and five furlongs race finished third to Lord Penrhyn's Haresfield and Major Gordon's Karakoul. Imari, rather slow in the earlier stages, was running on very stoutly at the close.

Dean Swift is now apparently a firm favourite for the Cesarewitch. There is no lack of confidence among supporters of the second division, which includes Rondan, Wargrave, St. Patrick's Day, and Roe O'Neill. The last-named is the choice of some of the shrewdest judges at Newmarket. Foundlings has again been backed at shortening rates.

A Fractious Favourite.

D'Orsay, Imari, Camphor, Karakoul, and Templemore were all preferred to Haresfield in the wagering on the Nottingham Handicap. D'Orsay was very much fancied on the strength of his running behind Catswade at Newmarket, but he was beaten before a mile and a half had been traversed. This horse had been fractious at the post, and such fuming and fretting did mischief. Haresfield took command in the last quarter-mile, and had little difficulty in keeping the ex-hurdle racer, Karakoul, at bay. Yquem had no quotation in the betting, and fitted last. As the horse was passing at the finish a man, who suddenly popped out under the rails, nearly caused a bad accident.

Lord Howard de Walden won the Lenton First Plate with Marozzo, after a pretty race against Corobus, the greatly-fancied Corunn not being able to go the pace in the last furlong. Lord de Walden sends Zinfandel from Newmarket to-day to fulfil his engagement next Sunday in the Prix du Municipal. The colt will remain at Folkestone to night, and cross to-morrow to Boulogne, en route for Paris.

Major Loder's arrangements for Pretty Polly are different. The filly will not leave Newmarket till Thursday. A special train will convey her to Folkestone in time to catch the boat to Boulogne. At the latter place another special will be in waiting, due to arrive in Paris on the same evening. The St. Leger heroine is fit and well, and granting ordinary luck in the journey she should maintain her great reputation in next Sunday's big race.

Cricket Scores.

There was recent winning form to commend Cricket and Sea Log for the Castle Plate yesterday. The latter ran in disappointing style, whereas Cricket, always prominent in the field, got the better of Egyptian Beauty in a close finish. Thus Mr. Randall soon recovered the purchase money given for Cricket last week, and was indebted to him in for 220 guineas. This of St. Frusquin has a tube in the thigh, but is evidently smart.

Madden, in riding Cricket, established his lead with 125 wins for the season, one in front of W. Lane. By the way, a message from Mr. R. R. Fowler, the courteous clerk of the course at Lingfield, informs that Lane continues to improve, but very, very slowly. Madden might have increased his score if Little Dolly had had ordinary good fortune in the Bestwood Nursery. The filly was fractious at the post, and got away very badly, but made up her ground very fast. She swerved under the whip when asked to tackle Wise Love within the distance, and the latter won rather easily.

A two-year-old that can get a mile is worth having, and after the race for the Trent Selling Plate the filly by Manners—Winter Cherry, who won by three-quarters of a length, was the medium of some keen competition at auction. Mr. Charles Hibbert left off at 200 guineas, and she was knocked down to Mr. J. T. Wood for 20 guineas more. But the bidding was on behalf of Mr. Hallick. Manners, sire of the filly, was bought by the German Government, and is now standing at the Grange stud.

The Rufford Abbey Plate was reduced to a match between Mrs. Sparkes and Cavello, and the latter, who started an odds on favourite, made all the running, and won by two lengths.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

NOTTINGHAM.

- 2.0.—Barney Manor Nursery—SLIP-UP.
- 2.05.—Welbeck Handicap—BEST LIGHT.
- 3.10.—Sherwood Forest Nursery—ANABELL.
- 3.45.—Colwick Park Plate—ARISTO.
- 4.15.—Elvaston Castle Plate—EDICUS.
- 4.45.—Bentick Plate—CAPRESI.

SPECIAL SELECTION

ANABELL.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire's" double for Nottingham to-day is as follows:—

- 2.35.—Welbeck Handicap—BEST LIGHT.
- 4.15.—Elvaston Castle Plate—WILD NIGHT AGAIN.

RACING RETURNS.

NOTTINGHAM—MONDAY.

- 2.0.—CASTLE SELLING PLATE of 100 svs; winner to be sold for 50 svs. Five furlongs, straight. Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. W. S. Rumbold's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. M. S. Maling's HILLWOOD, 5ys, 8s 11b. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Also ran: Con (9s, 9s), Sea Log (5s, 5s), Viviane (5s, 8s 9b), Hiccupes (5s, 8s), Shesha Dawn (5s, 8s), Bentley (5s, 8s), Grass (5s, 8s), Dracena (5s, 8s), Gower (5s, 8s).

Betting—2 to 1 agst Sea Log, 5 to 2 agst Bentley, 6 to 1 agst Con, 10 to 1 agst Viviane, 100 to 1 agst Hiccupes. Won by half a length; three lengths any other offered. Winner was bought in for 220 guineas.

- 2.35.—BESTWOOD NURSERY PLATE (Handicap) of 200 svs, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs, straight. Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. G. Archer's LITTLE DOLLY, 7s 10d (car 7s 10d).
- Mr. J. S. Crawford's SHERLOCK HOLMES, 7s 10d.

Also ran: Loder (8s 11b), Sight (8s 11b), Wenlock Crab (7s 10d), Esquary (8s 11b).

Betting—3 to 1 agst Little Dolly and Wenlock Crab, 5 to 1 agst Sight, 10 to 1 agst Esquary, 100 to 1 agst Loder. Won easily by a length and a half; three-quarters of a length separated the second and third.

- 3.10.—LENTON FIBS PLATE (a High-weight Handicap) of 100 svs, for three-year-olds. Five furlongs, straight. Lord Howard de Walden's MAROZZO, by Marco-Carroll, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. E. Carlton's COROBUS, 5ys, 8s 11b. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. C. O. Dyer's CORUNNA, 5ys, 8s 11b. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)

Also ran: Marozzo (5s, 8s), Gully (5s, 8s), Master of the Ceremonies (5s, 8s), Rowanberry (5s, 8s).

Betting—5 to 1 agst Corunn, 11 to 1 agst Corobus, 2 to 1 agst Gully, 5 to 1 agst Marozzo, 10 to 1 agst Master of the Ceremonies. Won by three-quarters of a length; half a length between the second and third.

- 3.45.—NOTTINGHAM HANDICAP PLATE of 500 svs. One mile and five furlongs. Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)

Also ran: Nether (5s, 8s), Dead Heart (5s, 8s), Give and Take (5s, 8s).

Betting—3 to 1 agst D'Orsay, 4 to 1 agst Imari, 6 to 1 agst Camphor, 10 to 1 agst Karakoul, 10 to 1 agst Templemore, 100 to 1 agst Haresfield and St. Kitts, 100 to 1 agst Sea Log. Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths separated the second and third.

- 4.15.—TRENT SELLING PLATE of 150 svs; winner to be sold for 50 svs. The Straight Mile. Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)

Also ran: Nether (5s, 8s), Dead Heart (5s, 8s), Give and Take (5s, 8s).

Betting—3 to 1 agst D'Orsay, 4 to 1 agst Imari, 6 to 1 agst Camphor, 10 to 1 agst Karakoul, 10 to 1 agst Templemore, 100 to 1 agst Haresfield and St. Kitts, 100 to 1 agst Sea Log. Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths separated the second and third.

- 4.45.—RUFFORD ABBEY MAIDEN PLATE of 100 guineas. The Straight Mile. Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)

Also ran: Nether (5s, 8s), Dead Heart (5s, 8s), Give and Take (5s, 8s).

Betting—11 to 4 on Cavello. Won easily by two lengths.

POINTERS FROM THE BOOK.

- 2.0.—Barney Manor Nursery—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.
- 2.35.—Welbeck Handicap—BEST LIGHT—MORGENDALE.
- 3.10.—Sherwood Forest Nursery—PETIT BLEU—WEDDING RING.
- 3.45.—Colwick Park Plate—DOLL KEENE—HONORE.
- 4.15.—Elvaston Castle Plate—WILD NIGHT.
- 4.45.—Bentick Plate—CAPRESI—KILGLASS.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

NOTTINGHAM.

- 2.0.—BARNEY MANOR SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 100 svs, for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for 50 svs. Five furlongs, straight. Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)

- Mr. E. Lamb's f by Tarpoley—Strawberry Hill, Private, 7s 10d.
- Mr. Randall's Lady Lavenex, Sadler, Jun, 7s 10d.
- Mr. E. J. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, Private, 7s 10d.
- Mr. Westgate's f by Lacantius—The Banche, Dawkins, 7s 10d.

- 2.35.—WELBECK HANDICAP PLATE of 250 svs. The Straight Mile. Mr. H. E. Pury's f by Orlop—Queen of the River, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- Mr. C. F. Elsey's Lucia, W. Elsey, 6s 7d.

- ABOVE ARRIVED. Mr. H. King's Chocoma, Leach, 8s 10d.
- Mr. H. Sherwood's Morpion, 8s 10d.
- Mr. J. Buchanan's Lancashire, Major Edwards, 8s 10d.
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LATEST BETTING.

- London, Monday (3 p.m.). (Run Wednesday, October 13. Distance two miles two furlongs.)
- 100 to 1 agst Dean Swift, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst St. Patrick's Day, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Roe O'Neill, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Wargrave, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Rondan, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Blackwell, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Breeze, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Martin, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Robinson, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Edmund Breeze, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Lord Rosemore, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Fallow, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)
- 100 to 1 agst Baker, 7s 10d. (Winner trained by S. J. Frusquin.)

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